ONE SHILLING

THE COUNTRY HOUSE LIBRARY OF STANDARD AUTHORS

COUNTRY HOUSE ESSAYS

By JOHN LATOUCHE,

AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN PORTUGAL."

FICTION TRAVEL ESSAYS

WARD LOCK & TYLER

GOODALL'S HOUSEHOLD SPECIALITIES.

A single trial solicited from those who have not yet tried these splendid preparations.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

The cheapest because the best, and indispensable to every household, and an inestimable boon to housewives. Makes delicious Puddings without eggs, Pastry without butter, and beautiful light Bread without yeast. Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in 1d. Packets; 6d., 1s. 6d., and 2s. Tins.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & Co., LEEDS.

YORKSHIRE RELISH.

THE MOST DELICIOUS SAUCE IN THE WORLD.

This cheap and excellent Sauce makes the plainest viands palatable, and the daintiest dishes more delicious. To Chops and Steaks, Fish, &c., it is incomparable. Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & Co., LEEDS.

GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.

The best, cheapest, and most agreeable tonic yet introduced. The best remedy known for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, &c. Restores delicate invalids to health and vigour. Sold by Chemists, Grocers, &c., at 1s., 1s. 1½d., 2s., and 2s. 3d. each Bottle.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & Co., LEEDS.

DR. HASSALL'S FOOD FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, & INVALIDS.

DR. ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D., the inventor, recommends this as the best and most nourishing of all Infants' and Invalids' Foods which have hitherto been brought before the public. It contains every requisite for the full and healthy support and development of the body, and is, to a considerable extent, self-digestive. Recommended by the "Lancet" and Medical Faculty, &c. Sold by Druggists, Grocers, Oilmen, &c., &c., in Tins, 6d., 1s., 2s., 3s. 6d., 6s., 15s., and 28s. each. A Treatise by Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D. Lond., the inventor, on the "Alimentation of Infants, Children, and Invalids," sent Post Free on application to the

Manufacturers, GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & Co., LEEDS.

Bragg's Vegetable Charcoal

Sold by all Chemists.

in Bottles 2/-4/-&6/-each

INVALUABLE FOR ITS ACTION IN Absorbing ALL ACIDITY AND IMPURE GASES IN THE STOMACH AND BOWELS.

PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS

GOOD for the CURE of WIND on the STOMACH.
GOOD for the CURE of INDIGESTION.
GOOD for the CURE of SICK HEADACHE.
GOOD for the CURE of HEARTBURN.
GOOD for the CURE of BILIOUSNESS.
GOOD for the CURE of LIVER COMPLAINT.
GOOD for the CURE of all COMPLAINTS arising from a disordered state of the STOMACH, BOWELS, or LIVER.

They are sold by all Medicine Vendors in Boxes of 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each; or should any difficulty occur, enclose 14, 33, or 54 Stamps, according to size, to PAGE D. WOODCOCK, "Lincoln House," ST. FAITH'S, NORWICH (formerly of Lincoln), and they will be sent free by return of post.

KB7830D

CADBURY'S
COCOA ESSENCE.

GUARANTEED PURE AND SOLUBLE.

Is now taken by thousands as a light and invigorating Beverage who could not before use "Prepared Cocoa," owing to its being too thick and heavy. It is three times the strength of the best "Homœopathic Cocoas," to which starch and sugar are added.

Observe—If Cocoa thickens in the cup it proves the addition of starch.

CADBURY'S MEXICAN CHOCOLATE

(IN BLUE WRAPPER),

Consists solely of the Finest Cocoa and White Sugar.

Established 1835.

BY THE USE OF WHICH, DURING THE LAST FORTY YEARS,

MANY THOUSANDS OF CURES

Have been effected; Numbers of which cases have been pronounced Incurable!

The numerous well-authenticated Testimonials in disorders of the HEAD, CHEST, BOWELS, LIVER, and KIDNEYS, also in RHEUMATISM, ULCERS, SORES, and all SKIN DISEASES, are sufficient to prove the great value of this most useful Family Medicine, it being **A DIRECT PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD** and other fluids of the human body.

Many persons have found them of great service both in preventing and relieving SEA-SICKNESS; and in warm climates they are very beneficial in all Bilious Complaints.

Sold in boxes, price 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d., by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London, and by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors at home and abroad. Sent free by post in the United Kingdom for 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

Brown & Polson's Corn Flour

Possesses all the qualities of the Finest Arrowroot; and is suitable for a great variety of Table Delicacies, as well as for the dietary of Children and Invalids.

Brown & Polson's Corn Flour

When made with milk, as it ought always to be, contains all the elements necessary for the maintenance and growth of the system, and in the lightest and most digestible form.

Brown & Polson's Corn Flour

Has Twenty Years' world-wide reputation, and affords the highest satisfaction to the Trade and the Public.

Brown & Polson's Corn Flour

Is authenticated by the fac-simile Signatures of the Makers on every Packet—

John Brown *John Polson*

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

JUDSON'S DYES.

DYEING AT HOME.—JUDSON'S simple DYES are most useful and effectual. Ribbons, silks, feathers, scarfs, lace, braid, veils, handkerchiefs, clouds, bernouses, Shetland shawls, or any small articles of dress can easily be dyed in a few minutes without soiling the hands.

Magenta	Cerise
Mauve	Scarlet
Violet	Orange
Black	Blue
Purple	Pink
Crimson	Green
Maroon	Claret

Price Sixpence per Bottle.

SOLD BY

CHEMISTS AND STATIONERS.

The Country House Library.

No. 4.

COUNTRY HOUSE ESSAYS.

BY

JOHN LATOUCHE,

AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN PORTUGAL," ETC.

LONDON:

WARD, LOCK, AND TYLER,

WARWICK HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE LIBRARY

OF

FICTION, TRAVEL, ESSAY, BIOGRAPHY, &c.

BY STANDARD LIVING AUTHORS.

COPYRIGHT EDITIONS.

PRICE ONE SHILLING EACH.

1. **THE MAD WILLOUGHBYS, and other Tales.** By Mrs. LYNN LINTON, Author of "Patricia Kemball."
2. **FALSE BEASTS AND TRUE.** By FRANCES POWER COBBE.
3. **THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.** By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY, Author of "Out of Court," etc.
4. **COUNTRY HOUSE ESSAYS.** By JOHN LATOUCHE, Author of "Travels in Portugal."
5. **NO SIGN, and other Tales.** By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY, Author of "The Blossoming of an Aloe."

London: WARD, LOCK, & TYLER, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.

PREFACE.

THESE Papers which I have gathered together, under the title of "Country House Essays," relate chiefly to Natural History and to matters which are of special interest to those who live in the country, or who take pleasure in country life. They have already appeared in the pages of a leading magazine, under the pseudonym of "Archibald Banks." I have thought well to change this feigned name for another which, in a different department of literature, has gained me many readers and much favourable criticism. It is, perhaps, something of an impertinence for an author to use a feigned name at all. Only a man's modesty, or his fear of the possible fierceness of critics, can excuse it; but if it is not very respectful to readers to appear under one disguise, it is certainly an impertinence to use

several; and to drop one of them is a return to that attitude of deference which is proper from author to reader. I know, therefore, that what I do now I am right in doing, and that it should gain me consideration.

The Essays in this volume have attracted some notice and some criticism. When such papers are reprinted, their author enjoys the rare privilege of being able to reply to and retort upon critics who, as a rule, must feel quite secure from the perils of any such rejoinder. I have, however, no desire to quarrel with gentlemen who have, on the whole, used me very well, and I shall, therefore, limit my reply to one or two observations which shall be the reverse of hostile.

My paper on English Flower Gardens appeared but a few months ago; it is, I venture to boast, the very first utterance articulated in favour of a recurrence to old and true principles in gardening, and I was very glad to see that my views were almost immediately accepted and disseminated in the public press, notably by an important weekly paper. My essay was indeed not quoted by this excellent and generally can-

did journal; but in one of those "social articles," which probably do more than any other journalistic utterances to bring about social innovations, my opinions were adopted almost *verbatim*, and supported by data and arguments to whose undivided paternity I hereby lay most distinct and formal claim.

True conservative as I am at heart in gardening matters, I had occasion, in the course of my article, to suggest changes of certain modern innovations, which have endured long enough to take root as prejudices. Without going wearisomely into all the æsthetical bearings of the subject, I tried to show that the art of gardening should be governed by principles which underlie all other art. Every observer of the times knows that we are slowly arriving at some generally recognized standard of taste, at least in the decorative arts. I did not, and still do not see why the art of gardening alone among arts should stand still. I argued, therefore, in accordance with these views, and took my stand as a reformer. As such I was prepared for that degree of misconception and unpopularity which is the general fate of reformers. I had seen it to be

my duty to controvert the views of those professional persons who might be supposed to be interested in keeping up the old order of things. Very diffidently did I do all this, expecting to get pretty severely handled by the journals representing these professional interests; but I had counted without much knowledge of these men and their literary organs. Intelligent people are almost invariably tolerant, and I was very pleasantly disappointed at meeting with most generous usage at the hands of the three or four chief representatives of the gardening interests. By only one,—not a leading gardening periodical,—was I taken to task for saying: first, that a gardener sometimes got higher pay than a professional man; secondly, for alleging that a certain plant was tuberous which, as my critic maintained, was not tuberous; and thirdly, for having ventured to affirm that a standard Pomegranate tree would not flower freely in this country. As I have not modified any one of these statements, I owe it to the public to say; first, that some gardeners receive salaries higher by two or three times than the emoluments of many curates, many medical men, and many

barristers; secondly, that the plant asserted by me to be tuberous, is in point of fact tuberous; thirdly, that a standard Pomegranate, in full and free flower, is an exceedingly rare sight in Great Britain. The same, or another critic, rebukes me, in grandiloquent terms, for making "many revolutionary propositions in very homely language." I am not ashamed to say that I do not love long words or fine writing. I never use a Teutonism or Gallicism when I can help it. I am afraid I have a most anti-Gallican and anti-Teutonic pen; and I am never better pleased than when I so write English that an uneducated Frenchman or German cannot understand me.

With regard to my essay on "Trout Fishing," I have to thank the Scotch papers for their appreciative notices. No critics are more respected in the world of letters than Scotch ones, and no anglers are more regarded by their brother anglers than Scotch anglers. Several of these excellent journalists, to the north of the Tweed, reproach me for saying little or nothing of the art of "Trouting with the worm." They are, perhaps, right, and I wrong. I myself learnt, from a Scotch master of it, this difficult branch of the art. I gave a

reason in my essay, for avoiding the subject; but I had another. If I were to let the world of English anglers into the *arcana* of this art—invented and perfected by Scotchmen—I should perhaps go some way towards the depopulation of English trout rivers. The Scotch practice is but too successful. I had mercy on the trout, and on my brothers of the Angle.

JOHN LATOUCHE.

January 31, 1876.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
HORSES AND RIDERS	1
BIRDS AND BEASTS IN CAPTIVITY	39
ENGLISH FLOWER GARDENS	89
TROUT FISHING	137
LAWN TENNIS	197

"As to the study of Nature, I would have thee give thyself to the knowledge and understanding of it so closely and so curiously that there should be neither sea, nor running stream, nor standing water, but thou shouldst know the fish that dwell therein: thou shouldst learn the kinds of all the fowls of the air, the virtues of every tree and bush of the forest, and the fruits they yield; nothing should be hidden from thee, neither the knowledge of any herb that groweth, nor any metal deep buried in the abysses of the earth, nor any precious gem in all the Southern or Eastern lands."—*From Gargantua's letter to his son Pantagruel.*

HORSES AND RIDERS.

The naturalist Buffon has remarked that if it had not been for the existence of a space between the canine and molar teeth of the horse, he would never have become the servant of the human race. Man, however, availing himself cunningly of the omission of Nature to place the teeth of the horse as close together as those of most other animals, insinuates an iron bit into his mouth; and causing it to rest upon this unprotected part of his gum, the animal at once becomes subservient to his master's will. Had it been otherwise, the horse would, in Monsieur Buffon's opinion, have been at all times able, in the most literal sense, to "take the bit between his teeth," and would have continued for ever to be his own master.

Admitting the ingenuity, I doubt the truth of the dictum of the illustrious French naturalist. The speed, the strength, the hardiness and the beauty of the horse would so strongly have recommended him as an acquisition to mankind,

and his docility is so marvellously great, that I do not believe our ancestors would have shirked, or failed in, the task of domesticating him, even had he been without the space in his lower jaw. Some other mode of controlling the horse would have been devised. If it is not too much of a shock to received notions to suggest such a thing, the horse might have been brought into subjection as the ox has been; and the singular spectacle might to this day have been seen of a field of fox-hunters in Leicestershire, or a bevy of fair equestrians in Rotten Row, guiding their horses by means of rings through the animals' noses. In fact, however, such an expedient would be hardly necessary, for a horse may easily be ridden without any bit in his mouth, by the use of a jagged metal band across his nose, a system actually followed in some countries: the so-called Bucephalus nose-band being an adaptation of this principle, and one of the most severe checks which can be put into a rider's hands. Therefore we may presume Buffon to have been more of a naturalist than a horseman, and to have written in considerable ignorance of the ways of horses.

The question of the bit, and of the hand that rules the bit, underlies the consideration of the whole subject of man's dominion over the horse. The intelligence of mankind has hitherto invented

but two principal forms of bit: the snaffle, the simple piece of iron which lies across the mouth, subject to endless modifications, such as being twisted, jointed, and so forth; and the curb bit, a more powerful implement, which has likewise undergone innumerable variations.

The curb bit is an adaptation of the principle of the lever, and the lengthening of the cheek-piece allows a very powerful pressure to be exercised upon the jaw of the horse. The snaffle is, so to say, a natural bit, and the curb an artificial one. The snaffle was used by our ancestors and by the ancient Greeks; the curb is an Asiatic invention,and was probably brought into Europe with the Moors. In the famous mosaic found at Pompeii representing, as is supposed, a battle between the Greeks and Persians, and which, at any rate, is the picture of a battle between Europeans and Asiatics, the Eastern horsemen ride with curbs, and the Europeans with snaffles.

The difference in the bit modifies the whole style of riding; and as there are two sorts of bits, so are there two quite different styles or schools of horsemanship, which may be called the Eastern and the Western styles. The type of the Eastern is best seen in the modern Bedouin Arab, with his short stirrups, peaked saddle, and severe bit;

and the Western type in its simplest form is beautifully exemplified in the Elgin Marbles, where naked men bestride bare-backed horses. To ride after this fashion is an athletic exercise; the strength of the man is set against the strength of the horse with little adventitious aid. The rider restrains the horse's impetuosity by the sheer force of his arm, and he maintains a seat on his back by exercising the muscles of his legs. It is the equitation of athletes and of heroes; but it is clear that the balanced seat of the Arab, and the more complete command over his horse which follows from the greater security of his seat, would make him infinitely more formidable in war than the European, in spite of the superior strength and size of the latter. History teaches us how the cavalry of the Saracens—small men on small horses—rode down the Christian horsemen till they learnt to ride with the bits, and saddles, and lances of the Moslem cavalry.

The invention of the curb bit necessitated the stirrup, for a man sitting upon a bare-backed horse is forced to bear, at times, more or less heavily upon the bridle; and if, so riding, he were using a curb bit, and he were to lean any part of his weight upon it, his horse would stop, or would rear, or would flinch. The ancient Greeks and Romans are believed not to have

known the use of stirrups.* They are, indeed, said not to have been discovered till the fifth century of our era. This, if it is true, would apply only to Europe. In the East they were used many centuries before. The earliest representation of one I know, is in the above-mentioned mosaic, where the horse of a dismounted trooper in Oriental costume is drawn with clearly-indicated stirrups: the Greek horsemen in the mosaic are without them.

Almost all modern civilized nations except ourselves have adopted, to the exclusion of other forms of bridle, the Eastern curb bit in its unmodified state, and with it, to a great extent, the Eastern mode of riding: we only have inherited the mode of riding used by the more ancient inhabitants of this Continent, and notably by the ancient Greeks. It is, I believe, generally admitted that we English not only breed the best horses, but also the best riders. No horse is so strong or so fast as an English horse; none so

* I have considerable doubts on this point. True, in the friezes of the Parthenon none are represented, but neither are bridles nor bits shown; and it could not be argued that the horsemen sculptured by Phidias guided their horses without these latter aids. If it be asked how the writer concludes that the Greeks' horses in these bas-reliefs are being ridden with snaffles, it may be answered that the position of the horses, heads and the riders' hands and bodies conclusively proves that snaffles, and no other form of bit, are intended to be represented.

highly fed and groomed; no horses so full of play and life, and also, sometimes, it must be admitted, so full of vice; and consequently no horses are so difficult to ride. Moreover, no horse and no rider in any foreign country is subjected to so exceedingly severe a test as a fast run with foxhounds over a "stiff country;" and it may be asserted that in no other manner of riding except our own could such a feat be performed.

On the whole, therefore, a good deal may be said for our way of riding our horses. The English style of sitting on and managing a horse is the style adopted in ancient Greece, only a very little modified. Place a strong, active man on a horse without a saddle, put the reins in his hands, and let those reins be attached to a plain snaffle bit, and the rider will find, after a little, that his body and limbs fall into exactly the position assumed by the young Greek warriors on the Parthenon friezes. His hands are held low, almost touching the horse's withers on either side; his shoulders are thrown lightly back; his head inclines a little forward; his knees and thighs clasp the horse's body; and his feet are set somewhat forward, but turned neither outward nor inward. In thus describing Phidias's sculptures, I could not more exactly describe a

good English seat on horseback. Add a saddle and stirrups, and let the sole of the foot just rest upon these latter, without being raised by them from its natural position; place a light curb bit in the horse's mouth in addition to the snaffle, and let the rider hold the four reins of these two bits as he had held those of the snaffle—and we have the seat and complete equipment of an English horseman. There is, as I shall presently endeavour to show, room for improvement in this; nevertheless, so equipped and so seated, a man has, on the whole, more command over his horse than in any position and with any other equipment with which this writer is acquainted.

With all this to be said for English horsemen, I am of opinion that they are completely wrong in one essential point—the bitting, namely, of their horses; and this charge against my countrymen I will endeavour to make good.

My contention is that, in endeavouring to steer clear of the Scylla of too easy a bit, which gives the rider no control, and of the Charybdis of too powerful a one, which may hamper the horse's movements and irritate his temper, we have adopted a half-measure—we use a curb, but a very mild one. This, indeed, is hardly avoidable; for an Englishman, as a rule, has too rough a hand to use the sharp curb which the

more delicate fingered native of the South employs without danger. The majority of Englishmen who should employ it would certainly fret the animals they rode into becoming dangerous.

It is not, however, in using too light a bit habitually that we err, but in employing such a one to train a young horse with. Then it is that the mischief is done which is afterwards irremediable. Then it is, and thus it is, that a horse acquires a hard mouth: and a hard mouth, or a bad one, usually lasts as long as the animal lasts. It is a notorious fact, that not one English horse in ten has a perfectly good mouth—one, that is, that takes the slightest indication of the rider's hand and is yet not so tender as to make the horse fidgety. On the other hand, a bad mouth is quite exceptional among foreign horses in countries where very sharp bitting is practised.

The reason is that in foreign countries, when the colt is first broken, a bit of a severity greater than that in common use is put into his mouth. The rough-rider gets upon his back, and something like the following scene occurs. The young horse, feeling a strange weight upon him, probably begins by leaping up with all feet from the ground, at the same time curving his back—a proceeding known as "buck-jumping;" finding that this does not dislodge his rider, he lowers

his head and kicks violently, hoping to send the rider over his head. The latter instantly draws the bridle tight, and throws the horse's head so high that kicking is impossible to him—for to be able to kick, a horse has to hold his head low. Baffled again, he rears, and the man instantly loosens the reins and applies the spurs sharply. The horse drops to his fore-feet, and, as a last resource to escape from his tormentor, runs away. He is pulled up by the action of the powerful bit, which holds his jaw like a vice so long as he tries to resist it; but he does not try for long, for such a bit as is used is, in truth, irresistible. Then, completely at his wits' end, the poor beast stands trembling, quite cowed, and breaking out in a profuse perspiration. Thereupon the rider coaxes him and pats him, and (to use an expressive word I once heard from the late Mr. Rarey, of horse-taming celebrity) "*gentles*" him. The horse may be supposed to argue that there is no contending against a power and an intelligence which he has learned to perceive is superior to his own. He has discovered that further contention is useless; whatever attempt at resistance or aggression he has made has been checked and mastered, and he submits. The horse is broken.

Now, this is the whole principle and science of horse-breaking; a very obvious principle and

a very easy science. It consists only in letting the horse feel that he is completely and immediately mastered. To do this without fuss and without unnecessarily frightening, hurting, or exasperating the horse, is scientific horse-breaking.

Let us now examine the process of horse-breaking as performed in England, and see how these various conditions are fulfilled. The rough-rider, armed with a stout ash sapling and a heavy pair of spurs, mounts the unbroken colt, who is bitted with the ordinary English double bridle. The colt kicks, and his bit is jerked violently, and he is spurred and violently struck with the stick. He plunges, and is again corrected. He rears; and here comes into action the well-known artifice of the English horse-breaker—a feat which it takes a marvellously quick hand and perfect nerve to accomplish without danger. When the horse is standing high in the air, he is pulled over by the rider and falls backward, the rider slipping to one side to avoid being crushed. The risk to the horse is great, the risk to the rider immense; and it may be doubted whether after all, the habit of rearing is ever cured by this heroic method. Should the colt run away—and almost every previously untrained horse attempts to do so—the shortcomings of the English system

are conspicuous. Unless the horse's mouth is unusually tender, the English bit is incapable of holding him; the man puts out his strength, the horse exerts his, and often gets the best of the struggle and gallops long and far. Whether he is eventually mastered or not, the horse has perceived that the rider's superiority is not incontestable, and he acquires in future a habit of resisting whenever he is frightened or irritated, and often merely from high spirit he gets into a habit of bolting. His mouth in the meantime has become callous; in other words, he comes to be hard-mouthed; for the final victory of the English breaker is rarely obtained without an immense amount of jagging and jerking and pulling of the bit. The horse is essentially a creature of habit; he associates being ridden with fighting against the bit in his mouth. If he could have been persuaded at first and at once that resistance was useless, he would have given in and acquired a habit of submission.

Now nothing of all this would have occurred had the training been judicious; had the horse not been treated brutally; had he been ridden with a bit too strong for him to resist; had his resistance been overcome at once, and had he been treated kindly when he submitted—he would have become a willing slave, obeying the

slightest touch of his master's hand. As it is, the ordinary English riding-horse is, as we all know, generally a hard-mouthed, and very often a vicious animal.

It may be said that few English riders have hands light enough to use a very powerful bit. This is true, as far as it goes, but it is chiefly because Englishmen take no pains to acquire light hands; practice does a great deal, as every one knows who has been inside a military riding-school, but a horse may be very well trained without resorting to any more powerful bit than the snaffle.*

To train a horse, however, with a light bit requires considerable time and patience. The horse must, as a preliminary, be so tamed as not greatly to resent being mounted; he must be gently treated, led about with a boy on his back, and finally very carefully ridden. If all this is done gradually he will probably make no resistance at all, and turn out a docile and well-

* I am inclined to think that a compromise between curb and snaffle, such as is used by some of the Indians in Southern America, is on the whole the bit best suited to English horses and English riders. It consists of a straight bar, or bit, in the horse's mouth, combined with a leather band, in lieu of a curb chain, passing under the chin, and which is tightened by pulling the reins. My own experience with variations of this type of bit leads me to believe that some modification of this will be the "bit of the future."

trained animal, and when he is finally bitted with a curb he will be found to have a beautifully light mouth.

A large percentage of the best hunters used in England are brought from Ireland, and the superiority of such horses over English hunters is not in the breeding, for, owing to the introduction of English blood, English and Irish horses are now hardly distinguishable. Their superiority lies in their training only. The Irish horse has been taught to leap superbly, and he has an excellent mouth; the former owing to patience, judgment, and constant practice, the latter to the fact of his having never been ridden except in a snaffle.

It is possible, therefore, as I have shown, to break a horse thoroughly and to give him a good mouth by two quite opposite methods; but not, as I contend, by the English mode of a bit, which is too weak to hold and sharp enough to irritate him.

I have dwelt somewhat at length on the question of horse-breaking, for in my opinion it is one that in this country requires great reform. The breaking of our horses is at present left in the hands of men who appear to possess the minimum of intelligence, patience, or humanity. They certify their pupils to be "*broken to saddle*

and harness," when, in truth, their education has but just commenced. It is no exaggeration to say that ninety-nine out of a hundred English riding-horses are but *half-broken.* Our English standard of what a horse should be is absurdly low. No horse is really trained who will not stand quietly when he is mounted or when he is left to himself, who will not come when he is called, or who will not turn or back at command. When Captain Musters was recounting his experiences in guanaco-hunting to his hunting friends in England, and telling how, after he had thrown the "*Bolas,*" he would dismount to finish the game on foot, they asked him, "Who held your horse?" and the traveller had to explain that a Patagonian horse is trained to stand still when his rider dismounts.

The horse is far from being as intelligent as the dog, but he is no whit less teachable. Time, however, is an important element in his education. Mr. Rarey, who had learnt how to break wild horses on the prairies of North America, electrified his hearers once, in my presence, by assuring them that a horse might be taught to fetch and carry as well as a retriever, and almost as easily.

What is a horse? Where is the horse found wild? Who first domesticated him? Are horses

all of one species? Is the dwarf Shetland pony, no larger than a big dog, that a strong man can literally carry in his arms, and which I have seen lying at full length on the rug before the drawing-room fire—is this active little creature of the same race as the huge, slow-moving London dray-horse, possessing almost the strength and bulk of the elephant? All these questions have been argued at great length in many learned books, and to all of them the same answer may still be given—"No one can tell."

What we know for certain about the horse is very little, and a man may have seen and known and possessed many horses, and studied their ways very closely, and got to be very fond of them, and yet be a good deal puzzled if he is called upon suddenly for any such definite information about horses. So does it happen, in Dickens's "Hard Times," that little Cissy Jupe, the circus performer's daughter, who had lived among horses all her life, is quite at a loss when the practical Mr. Bounderby sternly requires her to "define" the horse, whereupon that gentleman triumphantly appeals to his model schoolboy, Bitzer, and gets the immediate answer:—

"Quadruped. Gramnivorous. Forty teeth, namely, twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in spring; in marshy

countries, sheds hoofs too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth."

Information of this sort is, no doubt, essentially "practical," but as leading to the desirable consummation of getting good and willing service from the horse, as helping either to ride him or to drive him, to breed him, to train him, or to keep him, it goes no way at all.

The horse is unquestionably the most important conquest ever made by man over the animal kingdom. The world would, in truth, not be the world it is but for the part that horses have played in its past history, and the part they still take in man's daily life. Mankind could get on well enough without oxen, for fields can be ploughed with many other animals*; and we could get on fairly well with mutton and venison without eating any beef at all. The human race at large could perfectly exist without the elephant or the camel, which are comparatively local in their employment, and still better could it do without the llama, the alpaca, and even without the ass. Without dogs the world would doubtless be very miserable, but as means of chase there

* In Monmouthshire I once saw a blacksmith at work ploughing a small field. Harnessed to his plough were a donkey and a large sow!

are substitutes in the falcon, the hunting leopard, and doubtless in other predatory animals, which would have been turned to account had dogs never existed. As a house guard, the dog may be supposed to be invaluable, but the goat is said to give earlier indication of approaching danger, and a flock of geese have ere now done excellent service of the same kind.

Deprived of the horse, however, the world would certainly not be the world we now live in. Without the horse, the deserts of Central Asia and of Northern Africa would not have been habitable to the nomade tribes who with his help can pass swiftly from oasis to oasis. Without the assistance of the horse, the vast wandering nations of Northern Europe and Asia could never have migrated from their native steppes in numbers formidable enough to break the power of Rome. The Turks would never have overturned the superior civilization of the Lower Greek Empire, and substituted Mahometanism for Christianity, but for their horsemen and horses; nor would the Crescent have been carried along the shores of Africa and into Spain, had it not been for the cavalry of the Arab tribes. The horse alone makes modern field artillery possible; without cavalry few battles would be decisive. To the ancients, indeed, the horse must have appeared

to be exclusively an animal created for war, and in furtherance of the destruction of the human race; his potentiality for other purposes they had little conception of.

The horses of the ancients and even the horses of mediæval times were what we should consider mere ponies. The Arabian cavalry itself was of the lightest description, and even to this day the most esteemed Arab breeds are less than fourteen hands in height. So it came to be that the horse was overlooked in ancient times as a possible beast of draught, in favour of the stronger though slower ox. The horse was used for locomotion, for war, and for the chase—that mimic war—but he was never put to draw cart or plough.* The ox was, therefore, the animal of peace, while the horse was consecrated to the war god.

It was not till the nations of Northern Europe began to pay attention to the breeding of horses,

* It is not safe, as a rule, to venture upon a negative assertion, but I doubt whether there is any single mention of the use of horses in ploughing, or such like agricultural work, in the more ancient authors of Greece. Mules were, indeed, so employed, and their superiority in speed over oxen was familiar to Homer. It will be recollected that in the foot-race which Ulysses saw among the Phœacians, the "divine Clytoneus," as the poet relates, won easily, beating the other runners by as long a distance as separates a team of mules from a yoke of oxen, when both are ploughing on fallow land.

that a race was produced which could be used in farm work. Horses were, after a time, bred of such a size and strength that they could draw greater loads than oxen at twice the speed; but the use of horses in the plough and cart is, to this day, not universal even in Europe. In Greece, Spain, and Italy, the ox is still the common beast of draught, and, as our farmers know, the great controversy as to the rival advantages of oxen and horses in farm work, which raged fifty years ago, is not even now quite ended. The superior strength of oxen can at least not now be urged in their favour; not many months ago, I saw four oxen harnessed to a cart in Gloucestershire, and a pair of cart horses drawing a similar cart in the same field; the farmer told me that he considered the pair of horses about equal to the four bullocks.

Looking to the immense value of horse labour in agriculture, in the transport of goods by road, tramway and canal, in the depths of coal-mines, and in the streets of our cities, it may be doubted whether horses have, after all, not done more to benefit than to harm the human race. When to all this we add the aid to locomotion afforded by horses, in civilized as well as uncivilized countries; their value to those wandering tribes in Asia, in the prairies of North America, and

in the pampas of the South, who obtain their food by the chase of the larger animals, or who depend for their livelihood upon being able quickly to shift their tents from an exhausted pasturage to a fresh one: when we consider how absolutely the cattle farmers of Australia and Buenos Ayres depend upon horses in the keeping of their vast herds—one is inclined to think that the horse, at the present day, does us more true service than all other domesticated animals put together.

It is a popular continental notion that every Englishman can row a boat and ride a horse. Our love of the water we owe to our insular position, but our love of horses is quite as deeply ingrained in our characters. Yet, perhaps, no European race rides less from necessity than do our countrymen; in evidence of which it need only be mentioned that the so-called English roadster, an animal continually referred to in all old-fashioned works upon the horse, has ceased to exist. If, however, we are not obliged to ride, we do it from pleasure. Setting on one side the numerous race-meetings—for they do not, perhaps, evidence a delight in horses so much as in gambling—we have only to consider the hunting establishments in different parts of England. In the "Times" newspaper, on every Saturday during the winter, are

the notices of the "Meets" of no fewer than a hundred and ten packs of foxhounds in England alone, excluding Ireland and Scotland. Adding to these about an equal number of packs of stag-hounds and of harriers, and of non-advertised packs, and allowing an average of a hundred riders to each pack of hounds, we have a total of no less than twenty-two thousand hunting men, of whom many keep two or more horses, and all of whom devote themselves to an expensive and often a dangerous amusement for no other reason than their innate love of horses and of riding.

Nor is love of sport and this devotion to it confined to any one class, sex, or age; it runs through the whole community from high to low. At our covert-sides are to be found members of both Houses of Parliament; soldiers and sailors; judges, barristers and attorneys; churchmen and doctors; historians, philosophers, novelists, and writers of leading articles and reviews; artists and actors; City men, and country gentlemen and farmers; ladies, married and single; boys of tender years, and old men of seventy. So wide-spread is the love and habit of horsemanship, that I doubt if there are many young English gentlemen who would not rather be supposed not to know how to spell, than how to sit a horse over a fence!

Whether all this energy be not expended in such a way as to raise the smile of pitiful contempt in the foreign contemplator of our insular manners, it is not our business to inquire. It is not, at any rate, a contempt which would meet with much sympathy from any class of men in these islands. If hunting were assailed, it would find warm defenders among the most thoughtful of our people, and a grave English metaphysician might be imagined holding forth at the covert-side in the following terms to a foreign critic: "Energy is the first essential; that it be rightly or wrongly exerted comes next in importance, and here it is, at least, not harmfully exerted."

That hunting should be so universally popular as it is in this country, requires the co-operation of the whole population. The young farm labourers run with the hounds, and are as keen in their sport as the horsemen; the landholders take a pride in the number of foxes their game preserves can breed, and willingly sacrifice many rabbits and pheasants to the maintenance of a single fox; the tenants see their fences broken down without a murmur, and, when a hundred horses gallop over their young wheat-fields, swear it only makes the next year's crop the heavier!

When railways were introduced, lovers of the old order of things lamented the probable

extinction of hunting in consequence; but the iron road has promoted far more than it has hindered fox-hunting. By means of it remote "Meets" are brought within reach of hunting men; horses and riders are often transported thirty, forty, or fifty miles on a hunting morning, and hunting establishments are probably twice as numerous now as they were forty years ago.

Yet the activity in this entirely profitless pursuit has never passed beyond Great Britain. In France, a few packs of English hounds were formerly kept by certain country gentlemen in the provinces, but the amusement met with little encouragement from French sportsmen, and it may be presumed that the recent troubles have put an end to everything of the kind. In some of the Southern States of the American Union packs of fox-hounds were established, and some keen sportsmen and hard riders followed them; but here too, I presume, men, horses, and hounds have disappeared with the civil war.

Although the guiding of a powerful English horse, in pursuit of a fast-running pack of hounds, over from four to twenty miles of enclosed country, bristling with every sort of obstruction, with stiff post-and-rail fences, stone walls, broad ditches and brooks, hedges, single and double, some with

treacherous ditches, some with high banks, some thick and impervious as a box hedge; across meadow land and plough land; when the rider has now to ford a river, now to pick his way through a bog, now to thread a wood, now to climb a mountain, and now to gallop headlong down a precipice; although riding under such circumstances is a feat which no other horseman in the world is called upon to perform, and which requires courage, coolness, judgment and quick resolve beyond any other form of riding, yet the feats performed by the horsemen of many other countries are wonderful enough in their way.

Among these feats I hardly care to count the performances of the circus or the manège, surprising as many of them are: for the first are most of them the doings of athletes rather than horsemen; and in the second, the praise is due a great deal more to the patient teacher of the horse than to his rider. It has been proved, again and again, that the skill of the circus performer and of the manège rider deserts them entirely in the hunting field, as might indeed be anticipated.

Among the real marvels of horsemanship must be mentioned the well-known fact of some tribes of Indians on the prairies of North America, who

manage to support their whole bodies on the side of their horses not exposed to their enemies and, interposing the horse's body between themselves and their foes, can use the bow or the rifle in this position. This seemingly incredible feat is performed by resting the left heel on the horse's back and dropping the right elbow into a looped thong hung round his neck. More astounding still is the account which a recent traveller in Central Asia gives of the horsemanship of the Toorks. This is his description of the sport known to them as "Ooghlak":—

"The body of a goat," says Mr. Shaw, "is thrown upon the ground, and the riders try to pick it up without leaving the saddle. The press is tremendous, as with one foot and one hand on the saddle they stretch down the other hand to the ground. Presently one succeeds, and is off; swinging himself back into the saddle as he goes. He is chased by the rest, doubling and turning to avoid them. At last another and another gets hold of the goat. The first man throws his leg over the body to tighten his hold, and away they go across country till their horses diverge, and all but one lose their grasp; he is again caught, but throws the goat on to his opposite side. The others wrestle with him as they gallop three or four abreast, the outermost riders almost leaving

their horses, as they stretch their whole bodies across their neighbours. It is beautiful to see the perfection and grace with which they ride. Their seat is looser than ours in appearance, and, for some reason that I cannot explain, reminds me of an accomplished swimmer, floating without apparent effort in the water—his body bending and giving to the waves. While playing at 'ooghlak' they seem utterly forgetful of their horses. Their hands are seldom on the reins, and banks and ditches are jumped while they are half out of the saddle grappling with one another."

A good rider need not exactly be born, like a good poet, but he must, at least, be bred from boyhood to the use of horses. Not only must his muscles learn to adapt themselves by habit to the peculiar exigencies of equitation, but his mind must learn to act unconsciously in emergencies. He must not only know how to behave in critical situations, but he must so behave by a sort of instinctive intuition more rapid than the ordinary process of reasoning. It is the secret of good riding that a man must *act* more quickly than his horse can *think;* and nothing but long habit will enable him to do this in every case and on every emergency. A thousand examples will occur to every horseman in exemplification of this position. Let us take an instance. A fairly

good rider rides, at the fast pace which hunting now necessitates, at a double fence; his horse clears the first obstacle, and alights for a second on the bank to spring off again; in the act of doing so, his rider sees a wire fence, or perhaps a fallen horse, in the ditch beyond. There is no time for reflection, only for intuitive action. The moderate rider goes on to his destruction, and the good one has time to rouse his horse to an unwonted effort, clears the obstacle, and comes off safe and sound.

No mere knowledge can give this habit of mind and body, nothing but actual training from childhood. This is why the equestrian dwellers on great plains are such magnificent riders. Among such peoples, children of both sexes are owners of horses as soon as they can sit upon them and hold the reins. Riding is a second nature with them; their nerves convey instinctively to their minds the indications of the horse's intentions, and their movements sway in unconscious unison with his. Horsemen of this kind are in truth "*encorpsed and demi-natured with the brave beasts*" they bestride, and the traveller who sees a party of mounted Gauchos, or a tribe of Bedouins, galloping their horses over the desert, perceives at once how the ancient legend of the Centaurs grew up in the fancies of ignorant men

who beheld for the first time such horses and such riders.

When a horse ridden by a bad rider shies suddenly, nine times out of ten horse and man part company; if the rider is a fairly good one, he sticks on by a conscious muscular effort, made just in time to save himself; but a perfect rider has no need to exert any volition at all. "The Gauchos," says that most accurate of observers, Darwin, "never appear to exert any muscular force on horseback. I was one day watching a good rider, as we were galloping along at a rapid rate, and thought to myself, 'Surely, if the horse starts, you appear so careless on your seat, you must fall.' At this moment a male ostrich sprang from its nest, beneath the horse's nose; the young colt bounded on one side like a stag, but as for the man, all that could be said was that he started and took fright with his horse."

Such a training as is got by the Indian of the prairies or the pampas, the Tartar of the Central Asian steppes, or the Arab of the desert —such education in the ways of horses as these men get, is likewise obtained by many a young Englishman. An English country-bred boy by the time he is ten or twelve has often learnt to follow the hounds. He has from childhood passed his play-hours on the back of his pony, and if he

has spent less actual time in the saddle than the savage or the nomade, he makes up for it by bringing a better intelligence to bear on his lessons, and by having to deal with horses stronger, larger, swifter, and more vicious (potentially at least) than the horses of any wild race. Moreover, the following of our English packs of hounds is, as we have seen a harder feat than any demanded of other riders.

I am strongly inclined to believe that a well-trained English horseman, a good and a hard rider to hounds—for the words are by no means synonymous—is the equal, if not the superior, of any horseman in the world.

Captain Musters, in his pleasant book "At Home with the Patagonians," tells what superb horsemen are the savages among whom he dwelt for several weeks, and the assertion, coming from such an authority on equestrian subjects, is well worth attention. He relates how he himself "broke in" a young colt belonging to the tribe:—

"Pakiki had a three-year-old iron grey, a very fine animal, tied up ready to be mounted for the first time. Pakiki entered our tent to borrow my *cincta*, or girth, and chaffed me, asking me if I would venture to *domar* (break) him. Orkeke seconded the proposal, and accordingly, having

stripped off mantle and boots, I proceeded to take the *lazo* and reins and mount. The instant he felt the unwonted incumbrance he buckjumped for several yards, finally jumping into the middle of the brook, and nearly losing his footing. I spurred him out, and once on the bank he commenced to whirl round and round like a tee-totum. At last I got his head straight, and after a few more buckjumps, he went off at racing speed, urged by whip and spur. After a stretching gallop of three miles, I rode him quietly back, now and again turning him, to accustom him to feel the bridle thong, but not venturing to feel his mouth, and then brought him up to the tent, among the shouts of the spectators. Orkeke expressed great surprise, and wanted to know where I had learnt to *domar;* and the gratified owner insisted upon presenting me with a piece of tobacco."

To make this story complete, it must be added—what Captain Musters's modesty omits—that his own performances in the English hunting field are not unworthy of his relationship with the "Jack Musters" whose name is familiar to every man or boy who ever followed a fox.

I am ready to maintain that no man can become a perfect horseman who has not begun to ride as a boy. This is clearly the reason why

the belief has got to be prevalent among the squatters of Australia, that no living man can sit the *third jump into the air* of an Australian buck-jumping horse. They will have it that there is something so sudden, vigorous, and abnormal in this manœuvre of the native horse as will unseat the best rider, whatever experience he may have had of buckjumpers elsewhere. Let us hasten to assure the colonists that they are mistaken. The horse of Australia is a good horse, but not a better one than, not so big or strong even as his progenitor, the English horse. He is even a little despised in India, whither many Australian horses are annually exported. Now, Mr. Darwin himself would never allow that a continent full of horses should have acquired the power of ejecting their riders from the saddle, however much it was to their advantage to do so. The fact is *vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*—there have been buckjumpers before Australia was thought of, and they are just as hard to sit in one continent as the other. If the squatters cannot sit them, it is their fault and not their horses'.

I have criticised the English form of bit, and I will venture upon a few remarks on that very highly praised adjunct to riding—the English saddle. There is one constructional defect in our English saddle which is so obvious that it has

always struck me as curious that it has never been either noticed or remedied. It has already been observed that, in the natural seat on a horse, as opposed to the conventional or manège seat, where the calves of the legs have to be pressed in an ungainly manner against the horse's flanks—in the natural seat the rider's foot is kept well forward, and the point of it lies rather in advance of a line drawn down perpendicularly from the highest point of the horse's wither. Now, in an English saddle the stirrup-leather is fixed to the saddle at least some three inches behind this point. What is the consequence? Either that the rider has to make an effort, and thrust foot and stirrup together forward in order to keep his foot in its natural position, the foot losing thereby the full support which it should get from the stirrup, or else he lets his foot be supported according to the true centre of gravity of the stirrup, and has, in consequence, to "*ride like a Frenchman.*" To avoid this alternative as far as possible, most good English riders thrust as much of their foot as they can through the stirrup-iron; but this is not enough, and still some effort is required to keep the stirrup in its place. Moreover, this is harmful in another way, for the foot thus inserted in the iron is apt to be entangled with it when

the horse falls. No "wild man" rides thus; he would consider it a tempting of Providence. The stirrup of that fine rider, the gaucho of the River Plate, is often only a bit of cord with a knot at the end. The cord is passed between the first toe and its neighbour, the knot keeping the foot from slipping down; and the gaucho stirrup is invariably fixed to the saddle at a point only just behind the wither. The construction of our English saddles forbids this, but in most of them the insertion of the stirrup-leather might be advanced at least two or three inches.

There are other defects in any saddle whose constituents are pigskin, wool, iron, and wood, which I have too great respect for the established order of things to do more than indicate. An English hunting saddle is too unelastic, too smooth, too hard to the horse's back, too limited in its pressure, and, for its size, far too heavy. It has often been observed that an English saddle is more liable to give horses sore backs than the saddle of almost any other country; but I fear to suggest reform in such a matter.

This is not the place for dealing with the alleged growing scarcity of English horses, for this is almost wholly a question of the weighing

of evidence, and not one for assertion, authoritative or otherwise, nor even of argument.

The labours of Lord Rosebery's Committee of the House of Lords seem, however, to have corroborated the opinion long held by most unprejudiced persons, that there are more and better horses in this country than ever before, and that their rise in price—due to increased demand, and in sympathy with the rise in other prices—is only a natural and healthy rise, and, to all but buyers, a satisfactory circumstance.

There is one circumstance connected with our English horse supply, which should receive its due share of attention, namely, that there is a rise in value as well as in price in many classes of horses, chiefly of hunters, for the reason that horses are now, as a rule, bred *taller* and stronger than was the case at the beginning of this century. To carry a big man with fast hounds, a horse under fifteen hands three inches or sixteen hands is not of much service. Such horses fetch high prices, and are those that farmers seek to breed. Now, every one who knows anything of horse-breeding, knows that to produce a good small horse is easier than to breed a large and good horse. The standard, then, of size being higher, purchasers must not ascribe their present heavier

payments entirely to rise of price, seeing that they are getting a more valuable animal; they are getting a bigger and, as I believe, a better horse for their money.

This raising of the standard of size and strength in English horses has, as we know, been going on for a very long time. The average racer has increased no less than seven inches and a half in a hundred and fifty years,* and this upward movement has probably not yet ceased; but the increase of size to which I allude is of quite recent date—due to the racing pace of modern foxhounds, and the demand for horses which can take big flying jumps in their stride.

Another question which must be reluctantly passed by in a paper which does not pretend to the dimensions of a volume, is that which is involved in the choice of a horse. I will, therefore, do no more than notice one piece of received proverbial unwisdom on this subject. "*A good horse cannot be of a bad colour*" is an axiom true only in strict logic. Observation teaches us that certain colours in the horse go with certain undesirable qualities, and we should set aside the lazy maxim which encourages a neglect of the teachings of experience. The ancients were

* Admiral Rous is my authority for this statement.

wiser in their generation: Virgil, quoting no doubt the proverb of his day, says:—

"*Honesti spadices glaucique color deterrimus albis*
Et gilvo,"

—that is, dark bay and iron grey are good colours for a horse, but white and light chestnut very bad ones. In this passage, *gilvus* is generally translated *dun,* but this is as false in Latin as in fact. A dun horse is generally a good one, whereas a light chestnut horse—the true *gilvus*—is proverbially often a weed. White is a bad colour only inasmuch as a white horse is always a very old one.

The riding of ladies is now so general that it requires a few words. With the performances of ladies in Rotten Row I have nothing to do, except to entreat them to ride quiet horses. Their increasing numbers of late years in the hunting field has been noticed, and, by some censorious persons, deplored; likewise their, as a rule, bold and skilful riding. Ladies have several advantages over men as riders, and one or perhaps two disadvantages. Though their saddles are half as heavy again, they are larger, and the weight is more evenly diffused over the horse's back, so that here the advantages are about equal; but to be two or three stones lighter than an average

man is an immense advantage to ladies on horseback; so, likewise, is their possession of lighter hands than ours, and a far more secure seat (with a third pommel at least) than is to be got in a man's saddle. If this latter position be assailed, I can only cite my own experience. Having once been asked to practise a lady's horse over a flight of hurdles, I was bold enough to attempt the feat in a common lady's side-saddle—one, that is, without a third pommel. I fell, I am ashamed to say how many times in succession, but when I substituted for the common side-saddle one with the added pommel, I found the seat as secure as could be desired, and the act of leaping quite easy. On the other hand, the seat in a man's saddle gives a decidedly greater command over the horse. In holding a horse together over stiff plough land, in steadying him over a cramped "double," or in forcing a refusing horse to leap, a man has undoubtedly the advantage; but as ladies are for the most part, and very properly, mounted on well-trained animals, clever fencers, and that do not refuse their jumps, the advantages are, on the whole, on the side of ladies.

If I may venture to give one word of advice to lady riders—the majority of those who ride to hounds require none at all—it would be to forget

the senseless lesson taught, I believe, in all riding-schools, of holding the reins in one hand only, and to make a rule always to ride with spur as well as whip—not necessarily for frequent use, but as a resource in emergencies.

Girls should be taught to ride on a common side-saddle. It is impossible to acquire a true balance-seat with a third pommel, for the rider will trust more to the hold it enables her to take than to sitting by balancing herself; and a good seat is compounded of the grip and the balance. In hunting, no sane person would recommend a woman to use any saddle without a third pommel. The danger of being entangled in a fall is as nothing compared with that consequent upon riding at every fence with an insecure seat. Hounds cannot be followed without risk, any more than battles can be fought without casualties. Omelettes are not made without breaking eggs, and hunting fields without tumbles would be poor fun. Ladies who hunt must expect to come in for their share of them.

BIRDS AND BEASTS IN CAPTIVITY.

I AM going to make a somewhat humiliating confession. I am going to admit that I—a middle-aged, somewhat robust individual, a hard-working public servant, not by any means prone to the *sentimentalities*, fond of outdoor sport, of shooting and of hunting, a fair judge of a horse, and given in moderation to tennis and billiards; in short, though a townsman, addicted to the various sports and pastimes of a country-bred Englishman—I say that, being all this, I have to admit the possession of one taste, liking, or hobby, to which I allude with some trifling hesitation. I am fond of, and on all occasions collect—not old pictures or prints, nor rare china, nor curious books, nor silver plate, nor French enamels, nor German ivories,

nor Italian faience—all of which are legitimate subjects for the hobbies of grown-up men and women; nor do I seek after sea-shells, or beetles, or butterflies, which may be collected in a pseudo-scientific, or even an entirely non-scientific spirit, without any great derogation of dignity.

My taste is not so defensible as any of these. It is one shared by schoolboys and by old maids, and by the uncultured inhabitants of Whitechapel and the Seven Dials. My hobby is the possession of tame animals; and let the critical reader not allow himself to be hurried into the opinion that such a taste results from any effeminacy or undue relaxation of moral fibre. *I have always drawn the line at canary birds;* I have never possessed one, nor cared to; and I also hold strongly to the opinion (which I shall fully develop farther on) that parrots and monkeys exercise a weakening and distinctly demoralizing effect upon their owners' characters.

I am no scientific naturalist, but I flatter myself I have had opportunities of learning more about the habits and the marvellously various characters of many birds and beasts than some naturalists by profession. As knowledge of this sort is beginning to be considered of extreme importance in its bearing upon science, I make no

further apology for telling the story of my experiences. I have found the objects of my likings in nearly the whole range of animated nature, and I feel some difficulty in knowing where to begin. With every desire to efface my own personality, I find it best to begin from the beginning of my own personal experiences.

Boys are said to be universally given to bird-nesting, and to the destruction of birds' eggs. It is a form of vice, and not, in my wide experience of boys, a very common one, for which I should prescribe a sound flogging. Nest-hunting is another matter, and there is all the difference in the world between looking for birds' nests, in order to watch the old birds or to take and rear the young ones, and looking for them in order to throw them to the ground and break the eggs. If any one doubts my assertion of the non-destructiveness of boys, let him consider the state of things in the neighbourhood of Eton, where wild birds abound, and yet eight hundred boys have the most perfect liberty.

For my own part, I was, as a boy, neither a bird-nester nor much of a nest-hunter. My first experience of the matter was the climbing up a tall larch-tree to examine a wood-pigeon's nest, and finding the two hideous callow nestlings with gaping beaks and with their legs tied

together; it being a common practice of countrymen, when they find a cushat's nest, so to fetter the nestlings as to keep them long in the nest, and take them when they are grown big and fat. I proceeded on this occasion to cut the strings which bound them, and doing so awkwardly in my constrained position, both birds escaped from my hands and fluttered to the ground. I caught them easily, for they could not fly, caged them, and reared them. They became perfectly tame—so tame that they allowed themselves to be stroked and handled, and showed no fear of, and even some liking for, human beings; but this tameness in the wood-pigeon has its limits, and I soon got a strong proof of that wonderful inherent difference which exists in different races.

The wood-pigeon is a perfect gipsy among the pigeon tribe. The wild, irreclaimable nature is dormant, and cannot be overcome. One day, when the two young birds had got their perfect plumage, the door of the cage was set open, in the hope that the cushats, who were really far tamer than any of the house pigeons about the place, would mingle with the flocks of these latter. This hope was disappointed. The wicker cage was opened in presence of the flock of pigeons, which were at that moment feeding in the courtyard; but how great was my surprise to

see these two released prisoners dash out of their cage, and fly, rapidly and boldly, straight away. The marvel was that these birds, though they had often left their cage, had only done so to walk about a room, and had never used their wings till this moment, and yet they cut through the air with strong strokes of their pinions, as fearlessly and as skilfully as if half their lives had been passed on the wing. I watched them till they grew into specks in the distance, and finally were lost. I never saw them again. I have since had occasion to observe that the first flight of full-grown birds brought up from the nest is always perfect, so that we may utterly reject the fable of the old eagles teaching their young ones how to fly, pushing them from the pinnacles of the rocks, and so forth.

Domestication is only tameness made hereditary, and my experience is evidence enough of the difficulty of the process in the case of the cushat. It is to be regretted that it was not the wood-pigeon that was the origin of our tame pigeon, for the wild pigeon of the woods is not only a bigger bird, but a much better bird to eat, as every countryman knows, than either the tame pigeon or any European species likely to have been his archetype.

There are in all Europe but three species of

pigeon—the rock pigeon, the stock dove, and the ring dove, otherwise known as the wood-pigeon or cushat. Our tame bird is possibly sprung from a cross between the stock and rock pigeon, but most probably derived from the stock dove alone. Is our achievement in domesticating this bird to be our final effort, or is there not something to be done in the way of increasing the size and savouriness of our domestic pigeons? We have, to be sure, accomplished a great deal in pigeon breeding and crossing. We have rung the changes upon carriers, tumblers, runts, jacobins, owls, and turbits—all of which varieties, except carrier pigeons, which are now almost superseded by the post and the telegraph, are absolutely useless to mankind. The pains employed in preserving these fancy breeds might surely better have been spent in the endeavour to obtain a really valuable cross.

It is surely a very purposeless and foolish kind of painstaking, that involved in pigeon fancying. A gentleman with this fancy once showed me his pigeons with great pride—a melancholy sight, I thought. "My dear sir," I felt inclined to say, "what an unsatisfactory hobby you have been riding all these years! You have, I make no doubt, fatigued your friends and pestered your relations, quarrelled with your neighbours for

enticing away your birds, filled your house with fleas and evil smells—and all for what? *To breed a blue runt with two white feathers in its tail!* Heavens! what a waste of a grand intellect!"

Is it certain that in the whole wide world no species exists that, either by crossing with other breeds, or by patient selection in succeeding generations, could be made either more prolific—for the pigeon rears but two nestlings at a time—or more valuable as food—for even French cooks, who with skilfully compounded sauces can triumph over such non-sapid material as carp and rabbit, can make but little of pigeons? There is a breed of pigeons common in Northern and Western Africa, with which, no doubt, our soldiers on that melancholy coast have made acquaintance—a plump, well-shaped, heavy bird, about the size and shape of our wood-pigeon, but darker in colour, and whose flesh has nearly the flavour and tenderness of a pheasant? Then, again, there is the crown pigeon of the Indian Archipelago, a noble bird, three or four times the size of our house pigeon, and said to be excellent for eating purposes. What a triumph of acclimatization it would be if we could habituate either of these birds, or a cross from one of them, to our poultry-yards and dovecots; and how much more sensible and profitable such an attempt than the

before-mentioned objects held out to themselves by our pigeon fanciers!

To return to my experiences in animal taming. It is commonly said that the wilder an animal is by nature, the easier it is to tame. This is an entire mistake. It is "*a rule proved by the exceptions*," not, indeed, in the sense in which that axiom is used in our modern literary slang, but in its true sense; it is a rule which is proved, by the exceptions to it, to be no rule at all. The least wild of wild animals is certainly the rat, who so little fears man that he lives and breeds in his very dwelling, and will, if not disturbed, feed in his presence; and yet, of all wild animals, I scarcely know one so hard to make familiar in captivity. He is an enemy of the human race, in whom is seemingly inherent and hereditary the hatred and distrust born of long ages of warfare with it—of plundered larders on one side, of traps and poison and ratting terriers on the other. The human race must to him be a race of Borgias, of Marats, and of Robespierres. A rat, even though he be taken from the nest, will never quite lose this hatred and distrust. As a boy I tamed three out of one nest, and so perfectly that they would come for food at my call from the dark box in which they loved to hide themselves during the daytime. They would take food from my fingers,

and even allow themselves to be stroked, but if they were held even for a moment in the hand, or constrained in any way, they would squeak and bite severely. As soon as they were fed they would run back into their box, showing not the smallest affection for their master.

The rat is, on the whole, not an agreeable pet, and his ways and conduct generally very soon disabuse his keeper of his ill-gotten reputation for cleverness. We in Europe think him a cunning beast, and in China he is reckoned the wisest of dumb animals. If there were a Chinese Minerva, the rat, and not the owl, would be her emblem. At one of the ports in China, a British official had impressed the natives with his wisdom —they feared him and they respected him, and he received from them the name of the *old grey rat.* It was intended as a compliment, but it would be no compliment to any one who had really studied the ways of rats. This little quadruped is certainly distinguished by his imbecility. The faintest trace of good sense would have taught him the folly of continuing to live under a Reign of Terror. The aristocrats became *émigrés* in 1793, but the rats have let a foolish habit of locality keep them in regions where the rat-trap, their guillotine, is for ever set. His seeming caution in avoiding poison and traps is due only to the

keenness of his scenting power. He smells the hand of his enemy in the baited trap or the poisoned cheese, and his wit gets the credit that is due to his nose. Long vicinity with the animal who, whatever may be alleged against him by Mr. Darwin, is still the wisest of created beings, has not taught wisdom to the rat. "One fool makes many," is a proverb that might have originated behind the wainscot. It is truer of rats than even of sheep or of human beings. If one rat finds his way into a wire trap, a dozen will follow him. A common way of catching them in Germany is to place a bait in a deep tub, with a few inches of water in the bottom, and a stone set like a small island in the water. If but a single rat finds his way in, he will sit on the stone, and by his cries call all his neighbours together, and bring them into the same scrape. There got, they will first squeak and squall, then dispute for the best places, then set to and fight for them tooth and nail, and tear each other to pieces, till but one or two are left alive, and these mauled and maimed. In fact, they will behave just as low, savage natures will always do when they get together, and, *mutatis mutandis*, just as, according to General Cluseret, he and his fellow Communists did in Paris, on the occasion of their famous and disastrous scramble for place and power.

A very different animal is the water rat, which, by-the-bye, is no rat at all, but a vole, and, as naturalists tell us, an animal more nearly allied in some respects to the beaver than to rats and mice. The water rat is no exception to the before-mentioned formula of animals wild by nature being the most tamable. There is no more timid creature in existence. Every one knows, who has walked by the side of such deep sedgy brooks as the animal haunts, how it will venture only a foot or two from the element in which it finds its safety, and how, at the approach of the lightest footstep, it will drop into the water and dive rapidly to reach the subaqueous entrance of its burrow; and yet the little beast, if it be taken unhurt, will lose its shyness in a day, and in a week feed fearlessly from the hand. He will make his little sharp cry of pleasure at his master's approach, and loves to be stroked and fondled. His long, chisel-like teeth are never used traitorously. He will dive and play towards nightfall in a tub of water, and seems to delight in being watched. I once caught one in a net, and though half drowned and stupefied from his immersion in the water, he quickly recovered, and got exceedingly tame and friendly.

The food of the water rat is exclusively vegetable. Mine used to be fond of lettuces, of cab-

bages, and carrot-tops; bread he would rarely eat, but boiled potatoes were his particular delight. In his native haunts this charming little creature can do nothing but good, for he will not touch, as he is fabled to do, fish spawn, or even water insects, as I have proved more than once. He eats every kind of water weed, except those which have a rank smell, therefore he must be invaluable, in such sluggish streams as he frequents, in keeping a free channel for the water and preventing its collection into pools, the formation of marshes, the ruin of fields, and the spread of fever and ague. To kill the water rat as a destructive vermin, which ignorant people often boast of doing, is consequently a foolish as well as barbarous act.

Then, again, as if to show how little trust can be put in popular sayings, there is the whole weasel family. None should, according to the above quoted maxim of shyness and tamability going together, be so untamable as stoats, weasels, and ferrets. To "catch a weasel asleep" is an expression of the common belief in the native wildness and watchful timidity of this family of animals. It is a popular delusion, however—weasels have little natural fear of man. St. John, the author of the most delightful of all books on Natural History next to White's "Selborne,"

mentions how a stoat surprised in covert will turn round to look at a man with apparently as much boldness as a lion or tiger, hardly stirring to get out of the way. In the New Forest the present writer had an opportunity of witnessing similar fearlessness in weasels. About eight or ten of them, half-grown, with one of the old ones, kept in my sight, as I stood under a tree, for four or five minutes together, either playing or hunting in company within a yard or two of me, giving their curious little half dog-like barks, and every now and then stopping to look up at me. Yet the weasel is easily tamed, and well repays the trouble of taming him. Perhaps no small animal is so gentle and affectionate as a weasel. A young one, sold to me by a village boy for a penny, and reared very easily on bread and milk, would go to sleep inside my sleeve or pocket, evidently liking the warmth, and he would wake up when candle-light time came, galloping round and round the room, and over the chairs and sofas, with little inarticulate sounds of pleasure. Sometimes he would disappear for an hour or two in a rat-hole, and after sundry rattling noises and squeaks behind the wainscot would reappear, very dirty and dusty, licking his lips, and with specks of blood on his face; for in spite of his graceful, gentle ways and nurture upon an

innocent bread and milk diet, he had a terrible thirst for blood in his heart. The tamest weasel, if he could gain access to a poultry-house full of sleeping cocks and hens, would creep up to the roosting birds and murder every one of them before morning, not to satisfy his appetite for chicken, but for blood, every animal of this race having rooted in him that "*gosto de matar*" which the Spaniards are proud of ascribing to themselves — a delight in the mere act of killing.

I will give one more illustration of the utter fallibility of popular sayings. "As wild as a hawk" is commonly and yet quite erroneously said. No kind of hawk whose habits I have studied is wild, in the sportsman's sense of being difficult of approach, or of avoiding the presence of man. The peregrine falcon will hover over the grouse-shooter and his dogs upon the moors, swooping down upon the wounded birds, and carrying them off before his very face. A sparrowhawk in hot chase of a yellowhammer once passed within a yard of my head as I was riding along a lane in Monmouthshire, struck down his quarry in the field next the lane, and stood over it for several minutes within twenty yards of me, while I watched him through a gap in the hedge. I have seen a large hen kestrel for an hour to-

gether at dusk, hawking for cockchafers on a lawn near a house, and at times passing so near the two or three persons present that the rustle of her wings was distinctly audible. Hawks should accordingly be untamable, but every boy who has reared a nestling knows that they can be tamed with perfect ease.

The hawk tribe—I speak of those kinds only which I have myself had in captivity, kestrels, merlins, sparrowhawks, and peregrines — although so essentially animals of prey, have none of that delight in slaughter for its own sake which, as we have seen, marks the weasel family. A hawk, his appetite sated—and a good meal will suffice him for a day or two—will look with perfect indifference at the plumpest bird fluttering within a foot of his perch.

Notwithstanding his absence of timidity when wild, the tamed hawk is the most timid and nervous of birds. Not even the more timorous of small caged birds, finches, linnets, and the like, are so easily startled as the most courageous of falcons. A sudden movement, a hand incautiously approached to the bird's head, is enough to ruin a hawk's nerves for ever. The old books on falconry are full of advice on this point, the most important in the training of the falcon. In the famous thirteenth century treatise on hawking

entitled "De arte venandi cum avibus," and written by the Emperor Frederick, the necessity of a soothing and gentle manner on the part of the falconer is particularly insisted upon. The falconer who is training the newly taken bird must, says the Imperial instructor, be careful never to stare at his pupil, he may frighten him nearly into convulsions by doing so: when he looks at him it must be askant and with half-closed eyes; furthermore, should the falconer have occasion to cough or sneeze, he must be careful to turn away his face; and the manuscript is illustrated with delightfully quaint representations of the falconer and his bird in various attitudes, the falconer deferentially averting his gaze, the falconer contemplating his pupil with a very mild expression of countenance, and so forth.*

The hawk family were distinguished in ancient days, as indeed they still are by naturalists, into

* This curious treatise, perhaps the most popular work of its century, was beyond all doubt written by the Emperor himself, Frederick II., the grandson of Barbarossa, and by far the ablest ruler and most powerful and accomplished prince of the period. The great Emperor's work was the text-book of kings, princes, and nobles, so long as falconry continued to be the sport of the rich and the noble. Every other later work, so far as the author is aware, is more or less of a plagiarism from the "De arte venandi cum avibus."

falcons, which were held the nobler birds, and whose habit is to mount to a height in the air and thence to swoop down upon their prey—and into short-winged hawks which have no such command of the air and pursue their game with a direct flight,—coursing their quarry, as it were through the air, and overtaking it by superior speed. The short-winged hawks were esteemed less noble than the falcons; nevertheless they are by far the bolder birds of the two, being less liable to fright. They are, notwithstanding, far less tractable than the true falcons. The sparrowhawk, for instance, which is of the short-winged kind, is a fiercer and bolder bird than the kestrel; though the kestrel is a true falcon, having not only the falcon's length of wing and shape of beak, but as every one may observe for himself, wherever this bird has not been improved away by over zealous game preservers, possessing all the true falcon's method of keeping the upper air, whence he gets his local name of "wind-hover." Notwithstanding his high lineage, however, the kestrel is something of an impostor, and his quarry is by no means noble, and when he is thus anchored as it were over a single spot, with shivering wings, he is, nine times out of ten, watching for the reappearance of a dormouse or field vole—pests of the farmer—and presently he will be seen skim-

ming and dropping plumb down from the skies upon his prey.

Every game preserver should know that the kestrel is absolutely innocent of game slaughter. Some of the smaller field-keeping birds may at times fall victims, but rats and mice of all kinds, and even beetles and cockchafers, are his legitimate quarry. Gamekeepers must know this well enough, but with them the rule often seems to be, *everything is vermin that can be nailed on a barn door,* and if their masters see a goodly array of hawks they are satisfied, not caring to inquire how many kestrels go to make up the tale.

The kestrel is, as I know by experience, almost useless for hawking purposes, lacking the dash and courage of other hawks. The merlin and the hobby, both true falcons, which are neither of them heavier birds, can be used in the chase of partridges and pigeons, and a merlin has been known to attack a rook three or four times his own weight, while the larger peregrine will assail a heron or crane, many times as heavy and big a bird as itself. But notwithstanding the high reputation of the falcons for courage, notwithstanding their audacity, their marvellous swiftness and strength, and the terrible weapons they possess in their beaks and talons, all which advantages might, it would be thought, consti-

tute them undisputed monarchs of the air, the bravest and strongest falcon makes no fight at all against so homely a bird as the owl.

This superiority of the owl to the boldest hawk in strength and courage is much insisted upon by the old writers. Everyone remembers the fine image in Macbeth upon Duncan's murder :—

"A falcon towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed."

But it is not, I think, generally known how true this is to nature. The most courageous hawk I ever possessed, as a boy, was a small male merlin. Passing one day towards evening through the ride of a wood with this bird on my wrist, a large white barn owl passed over my head within a few yards; the terror of the merlin was excessive; he fluttered screaming to the ground, and had he not been confined by the leather *jesses* in my hand would have escaped altogether; and this terror of the owl would seem to be hereditary; for the bird though not a nestling when he reached me was still quite young, and could probably never have seen an owl in his life.

There seems to be in hawks an instinctive knowledge of the presence of an owl in their neighbourhood. A falcon, it is said in the old books, will not venture to leave the falconer's

hand if an owl be in the neighbourhood, however closely the bird of night may be concealed, and the same thing is alleged by the falconers of India at the present day; and the hawk's terror of the owl is certainly well grounded, as the following anecdote will show. At about the same period of my boyhood that I was the happy possessor of the three kestrels before mentioned, there lived in the walled kitchen garden of the house a brown wood-owl which, having had his wing broken by a shot from the keeper, had been turned by me into the garden, with no more restraint upon his liberty than the necessary amputation of his pinion. He would still fly, but it was a flight of but about five yards long, and his sound wing doing him more service than his broken one, his flight used at first invariably to result in his alighting a yard or two to one side of the point he had made for. But the owl is not the emblem of wisdom for nothing, and experience taught him in time to allow for the involuntary parabola of his flight—to *correct his compasses* as it were, and to alight at the very spot he aimed for; but he could not diminish the preponderance of his stronger wing, which was so great that before the end of this curious *knight's move* flight, he had invariably turned round with his face to the point whence he had

started. And what a face! a round, stolid countenance, with grave, unblinking eyes.

Nothing would move that bird to a change of expression. I saw him once deliberately stare a cat, which had approached him with no friendly intentions, out of countenance, and cause it to retreat. A terrier once barked at him incessantly for half-an-hour, with no more effect upon the owl than a slight ruffling out of his feathers, and, once or twice, as the dog came too near, an ominous snapping of the beak. This owl was, as, from my experience of him and of other species in captivity, all owls are, an utterly irreclaimable savage. Nothing would mollify him but the offer of food when he was hungry, and this obtained, he would retreat to the darkest corner in the garden and stare at the person who had just fed him without the smallest expression of gratitude or satisfaction.

On one occasion, forgetful or ignorant of the prowess of owls, I brought a full-grown young kestrel, and set him on the low branch of a fruit-tree, some twenty or thirty yards from the spot usually occupied by the owl. I was retreating to the other end of the garden to call the hawk to me, when the owl caught sight of him. In three or four of its short flights it was upon him. The hawk began to scream, and was too much terri-

fied to make a serious attempt to escape; though his flight was already strong, he fluttered along the ground with open beak and failing wings. The owl pounced upon him, a struggle and confused flutter of feathers, and the keen claws of the owl were driven into the kestrel's throat, who was giving the last dying flap of his wings before I could come to his rescue; and I could not even recover the dead bird without using considerable strength to draw it from the owl's grasp. I have never, since this episode, doubted the supremacy of the owls among the order of *raptores*.

I see that a Shaksperean commentator is inclined to consider the above quoted passage in Macbeth to be founded upon a popular falconer's fallacy, as to which I will only remark that the allusions to falconry in past English literature, particularly of the Elizabethan age, are so numerous, that a man should be positively ashamed to sit down to edit the works of Shakspeare and his contemporaries without knowing more of the falconer's craft than many a learned gentleman I could name.

The owl is even yet the most inscrutable of birds. I have kept the white or barn-owl (*Strix flammea*), the brown wood-owl, and the rare *Strix passerina* (the little owl), which is not much

bigger than a blackbird, a beautiful bird, which is, however, the fiercest and most intractable of the whole family, throwing himself on his back on the ground when approached, and fighting furiously with claw and beak. The barn-owl, which is the largest of the three kinds, is the most sleepy, quiet, and stupid, that is if it can really be proved that there is any element of stupidity in owls, and if they are not quite as wise as they look. For all the present writer can prove to the contrary, their wisdom is as profound as their expression is grave and knowing. The ancients were clearly impressed by their looks into the fullest belief in their sapience. Modern opinion is sceptical, and *owl* is not always used as a compliment. I give no adhesion to this cynicism: *I never knew my owls do a foolish thing.*

The owl may be a fool, but he keeps his folly to himself. No animal is so reticent. The natural cry of the barn-owl is a screech; of the wood-owl, a hoot; and of the passerine owl, a sharp cry. No one of my tamed birds ever screeched, or hooted, or cried; they were all equally indifferent, impassive, and immovable. They showed no interest in anything except food, and with that their excitement took the form of a savage eagerness to get at it, instead of the

amiable greediness and cupboard-love of more sympathetic animals. Unlike the hawks, they possess no nerves. My owls were the least hysterical of winged creatures, and I believe that a gun might have been fired off in their presence without causing them a new emotion. They never seemed sleepy, or impatient, or duller, or more restless than usual. Owls are the most watchful, and, for what one can tell, the least receptive of created beings, therefore I say they are inscrutable. All other animals have their own particular ways in captivity, their special habits which betray their characters; owls have no habits, they sit still, still as death, and watch; nothing more.

I have said that parrots and monkeys exercise a bad effect upon the characters of their owners. So far as parrots are concerned, the statement needs, I should imagine, no proof. Everybody has the misfortune to know some one possessor of a parrot. Everybody has been deafened or bitten by the parrot of a neighbour or acquaintance. Everyone knows that the proprietor of a parrot is always the most disagreeable and unpopular person in a street or village—a person with imperfect human sympathies, deaf to the complaints of an outraged neighbourhood, and probably submitting to his (generally *her*) fa-

vourite's shrieks from motives of pure misanthropy.

That parrots have some wit, and a fair sense of humour, I admit, but their everlasting repetition of the same joke becomes at last intolerable. A macaw of my acquaintance would delight in stealing up to an unsuspecting morning visitor and suddenly make his powerful beak-points meet in his ankle or arm, then, as the victim would start and cry out, the bird would retreat with a low, croaking, hearty laugh. He never laughed at other times. There is no disputing the humour of this proceeding to every one but the victim. No animal excites so much fear and hatred as a vicious parrot. This particular bird was one day found strangled. We endeavoured to persuade its owner that it was a natural death—a form of apoplexy not uncommon among parrots.

Again, as to the humour of parrots. One had been taught to say, "*Good*-bye!" with a particularly cordial emphasis upon the first syllable, such as a hostess might use in parting from an honoured guest, and during a visit, whenever one of those common and distressing pauses occurred, the bird would put in his odious "*Good*-bye!" as if both he and his mistress had had quite enough of their visitor. This, though in abominable taste, was amusing the first two or three times; but a

joke that is daily repeated during ten years, is no joke at all, it depresses one.

I once for a short time was the possessor of a monkey. It was through no desire of my own that he became mine, for I do not like these animals; I am not comfortable with them. This particular monkey came to me as greatness is said to come to some men—he was thrust upon me. A friend, in kindly, but ignorant sympathy with my love of animals, sent me this creature from abroad. He arrived one morning unannounced—by parcels' delivery, or in some equally inscrutable manner. I guessed and respected his sender, and kept him; and the letter which should have preceded him came a month later, when I had almost persuaded myself that I had got over my antipathy to the poor beast.

There are people who like monkeys. They it is who must be the true link between us and monkeys, just as monkeys make the link between them and the lower animals. In my opinion one must be, as it were, a semi-simian, to endure the society or even the sight of monkeys. I have, as I have said, no sympathy whatever with them; my dignity will not admit of it. I feel as a staid Castilian might feel in company with a low comedian from the Palais Royal. Their grimaces make me uncomfortable, their half humanity

shocks me, their hideous community of feature with some of my dearest friends, is horrible to me. A party of my fellow-creatures staring, with faces expressive of various stages of idiotic delight, at the antics of the caged monkeys in the Zoological Gardens is, to me, a pitiful and a painful spectacle; it is enough to persuade a man of the truth of Darwinism. Mr. Gladstone, who, not long ago, deplored the fact that his special duties gave him no leisure to read Darwin and Wallace, and to make up his mind upon the doctrine of evolution, might perhaps now find time to spend an hour in front of the monkey-house in the Zoological Gardens. He would, I am sure, come away a strong believer in this fashionable doctrine.

Yet monkeys have many pleasing qualities; some of the species are very gentle, and capable of considerable affection towards human beings. There is however that about monkeys, in this country at least, which should effectually stand in the way of their becoming pets. They have almost always, every one of them, the seeds of a fatal consumption, their lives are generally to be measured by a few months, and their antics are none the fewer that they are racked every now and then by a dry hectic cough. Their ill health depresses them, but nothing can deprive them of their love of mischief, and this contrast of buf-

foonery and depression is one reason why a tame monkey makes one of the most melancholy of pets. They are ghastly humorists, they are drolls in season and out, their gaiety is like that ascribed to the Chinese, who laugh to see the executioner flog or behead a criminal. A monkey's humour is of a kind that I could never enter into. It is founded on the doing of mischief. Let the man who does not believe me watch a monkey playing with puppies or kittens, and compare their innocent playfulness with the cruel tricks the monkey will put upon them.

My own monkey pined away, and in two months after he came to me, do what I would, was in the last stage of consumption. It was cold, shivery, winter weather. He crouched near the fire, feeble and exhausted, looking at me, as sick animals will do, with reproachful eyes, as if I was responsible for his sufferings; but almost to the last he would do mischief, pulling a burning coal on to the hearth-rug, or upsetting a cup of tea if it stood within reach of him. Notwithstanding his wickedness he was affectionate, and I was getting reconciled to him when he died.

We have perhaps had nearly enough of these simian ethics, and I will only add that I suspect that there are, deep down in the simian nature,

sparks of something not altogether ignoble, and I will tell a story to support my belief.

In a Paris restaurant I once acted audience to a narration by a French officer, which though it moves me to a strong feeling of indignation to recall, I will repeat for the honour of the race I have been aspersing. The scene of the story was, if I recollect, one of the French settlements on the West Coast of Africa, and the actors in it the narrator himself, and a comrade. These "officers and gentlemen," finding time hang heavily on their hands, amused themselves one day by pursuing a tame monkey through the corridors of the barracks and cutting the unfortunate little animal to pieces with their swords. The joke of the whole thing (which I am glad to say fell exceedingly flat upon the Frenchmen present) was, according to the gallant fellow who told the story, the brave manner in which the monkey met his death—not uttering a cry or trying to run away when he saw his fate was inevitable, but dying, as the officer said, "like a little hero." If this story be true (I tried at the time to hope that the teller of it was only a liar), there would seem really to be behind the levity and unendurable tricksomeness of monkeys some latent heroic qualities; just as very tiresome or prosaic people sometimes come out unexpectedly well and nobly in emergencies.

I fear that it is hardly fair to my, no doubt, grave and thoughtful readers to go on spinning out the story of my experiences with tame animals, unless I can show that there is some sort of purpose in what I have to say; and indeed there is some moral to be got out of me, and I think not a useless one.

In these days of ultra-scientific natural history there seems to be no little peril of a neglect of the study of the habits and character of animals in favour of those anatomical and structural characteristics which of course are the basis of all real advance in scientific natural history. To be sure, there is no likelihood of any such neglect on the part of the really great naturalists; but then the army of science is not made up of generals—we are not all Darwins and Owens and Huxleys—and the danger is that the steady plodders and useful Dryasdusts will see their duty in the disregard of what may seem to them the less tangible modes of knowledge.

It is of course not an easy thing to dissect an Ascidian, and count its *cilia* and *branchiæ*, and class it accordingly, nor to put a crystal under the microscope and examine its structure to any purpose; but there are things which take a keener sight to perceive even than these, more patience to observe, and more tact to seize—and these are

the evanescent characteristics of mind, of temper, and of emotion. A man gets little help from science here; his magnifying glasses and reagents and dissecting implements are of no use at all, and there is nothing but his mother wit to serve him. Read Mr. Darwin's notes of the shades of difference in the ways and habits of different animals, notice what judgment and what discrimination he uses, and what importance he attaches to these matters.

After all, how little we know of the inner life of animals. How few our facts are, and how little certain we are of them. What a huge book, and what an intensely interesting one, is waiting to be written on this subject by some great genius of the future. Surely it tells not a little for the incuriosity, and perhaps for the conceit of us humans, that we have been taken up so entirely with our little selves for these many thousand years past, and have been honouring historians and poets, and philosophers and novelists, and travellers and essayists, simply because they told or imagined, or guessed or reported, the ways and the manners, and the conversations and thoughts, and ideas and faculties, of our fellow human creatures; and all the time we have been acting as if we were alone in the world—as if it were not inhabited by crowds of beings with ways towards

us and towards each other which, seeing how much we depend upon these same animals, it behoves us most strongly to understand.

It is really ludicrous how ignorant we are. Not of the characters of the wilder animals only, but even of those we have lived with all our lives. An ordinarily intelligent man would be ashamed if he could not make some sort of a comparison between the individuals of two nations, say between a German and a Hindoo, a Frenchman and a Negro—how one is this and the other that—but let the same person be asked to assess the differences between any two kinds of animals, let us say, to take a very easy case, between a horse and an ox, and the chances are he would break down completely. He would think it easy and obvious till he came to try, then he would probably say it was not worth doing, the differences were so slight. In fact, it is not easy to observe these differences, though for the matter of that, they are important enough, and it is particularly difficult to put them into words. As to the thing not being worth doing, it is an argument which should logically lead us to close our schools, burn our books, and hang our professors. I do not care even to argue that such knowledge is invaluable as a step in the great advancement of learning and attainment of truth; I say it is important from

the most utilitarian point of view. Even the inability to make such an apparently unimportant comparison as I have suggested between horses and oxen may lead to most unprofitable consequences in human economy.

In a southern country with which the writer is acquainted, the people have for many centuries been accustomed to the use of oxen for draught purposes; only within the last twenty or thirty years have horses to some extent taken the place of oxen in carts and carriages, and mark the consequence: the drivers and carters were used to and had mastered the ways of oxen—their slow, phlegmatic temperaments, their patience, their endurance, their mild obstinacy, and their latent docility —but they have not had the wit to learn that the horse has a temperament the reverse of all this; that he is nervous, quick, timid, and excitable, and yet, rightly understood, the far more tractable beast of the two, and capable of better service. The result of this ignorance is very poor service rendered to man, and very bad treatment indeed of the horse. It is another evidence of the truth of the old adage that knowledge is power; an adage to which may safely be added the corollary that brutality—a *mode* of ignorance—is loss of power.

The races of man who are wanting in intellec-

tual training and development, and rich in brutality and cruelty, have never succeeded in training to their service the three most highly-organized and most valuable among beasts of burden. No pure Negro race, in its savage state, has ever trained the horse. The elephant has never been enslaved but by races who, whatever their moral culture may be, have reached a high and keen intellectual standard. Why have no native African races ever made this huge and docile beast their servant? Simply because they have lacked the requisite intelligence. It is not that the African species of elephant is less tractable than the Indian species, as has been suggested; for no sooner was a civilized people of European origin established at Carthage than they began to domesticate the native elephant of Africa. The more patient ox and the hardy ass are the beasts of burden of races little advanced in intellectual culture all the world over, and neither horse nor camel was ever brought to perfection by any people without some considerable degree of civilization. The nations who have done most for the horse are nations with whom kindness to animals is a virtue—the Persians, the Arabs, and ourselves. With the Orientals, humanity to animals is a religious duty, and no one who has been much abroad would venture to

say that we ourselves were anything but a humane people, in spite of our cab-horses and costermongers' donkeys.

To resume the interrupted thread of my personal experiences. A severe classical education at Eton was diversified in my case by the occasional study of the habits of wild animals. There used to live—perhaps still lives—a person who kept a shop in the High Street of Eton. His house stood on the same side of the street as, and a door or two beyond, that of Mr. Knox, well known to all old Etonians, and over his door was written the attractive word "Naturalist." This man, a small, thin, shabby, and not over clean, sallow-faced individual—a type of person with whom I have since made larger acquaintance among the natural historians of Seven Dials and the Ratcliff Highway—was in his way a keen observer of nature, and had the out-door natural history of the neighbourhood at his fingers' end. He could tell a boy how to catch cray-fish below Eton Bridge, where the big trout were lying, and he had, for his more intimate acquaintances, immoral histories of poaching forays into the royal preserves of Windsor. He was likewise a man of quick, sharp speech, as a man had need to be who makes his living among Eton boys, where

"chaff" is a coin more current than any other.

Mr. White's shop—I think this was the man's name—was a perfect museum: stuffed birds and live birds, and animals of every kind, many of them rare and curious, hawks and canary birds, tame snakes and piping bullfinches, gold fish and guinea-pigs, bull terriers and lop-eared rabbits, parrots and macaws were confined in a narrow space, and the concert of barking, screaming, piping, singing, reinforced by the noisiness, as bad as any other, of schoolboys, was dominated by the shrill voice of the proprietor of the establishment.

I never knew a man with such a genius for the management of animals. This sharp-voiced, dirty, ugly little man seemed to exercise some occult fascination upon bird and beast. A very fierce macaw, that would make his beak meet in any one else's arm, would lower his head and ruffle out his feathers as White passed near. He would stroke the wildest hawk without causing any alarm to the bird, and I saw him once when a countryman had brought a wild fox in a sack open the mouth of it, insert his arm, and draw the beast out, with his hand on the back of its neck, as easily as he would take up a terrier.

Plunging his hand one day into a green baize

bag, he extracted and held up to our boyish admiration three or four large snakes—adders, as we then believed and, I am afraid, he encouraged us to think. Like the Indian snake-charmers in pictures, he let them coil round his wrists and his neck, and wind up on to his head, darting out their forked tongues, and glaring weirdly with their beady eyes, and hissing from among his hair, making him look like a ridiculous cockney Medusa. Then and there was first implanted in me the liking I have always had for snakes and serpents. They exercise an inexplicable fascination over me which I should call singular had I not read that the late Mr. Charles Buxton was possessed of a sympathy with these tortuous reptiles as strong as my own.

As a pet, there is little to be said for any snake or serpent whatever. They are a stupid race, quite maligned in being called cunning, apathetic when they have fed, and familiar without being friendly when they are hungry; but there is something marvellously impressive in many of their ways; and I am singularly fascinated by their silent, gliding, sinuous mode of progression, by the inexorable manner in which they approach their prey or their food, even if it be but a saucerful of bread and milk. I can understand how serpent-worship could take root in the beliefs of

simple men, and grow up in anti-sceptical ages into a real religion; for I myself possess germs of what might have developed into this mysterious *cultus*. I therefore make no doubt but that I am *in propriâ personâ*, an interesting subject for study, and Dr. Fergusson should certainly have made my acquaintance before writing his learned work.

I pass over the many species of tame animals to whose habits I obtained an introduction through Mr. White of Eton; rabbits, guinea-pigs, tortoises, and the before-mentioned snakes, formed my menagerie at school, where *silence* is for obvious reasons a necessity in a boy's pets. At the University, other pursuits and distractions interfered with my tastes; and I can recall nothing but a specimen of the rather rare black scoter duck, found benumbed with cold during a severe frost, and presented to me by my *scout*. The bird lived for two months in a spare sponging-bath in my dressing-room, and got tame. Never shall I forget the astonishment of a breakfast party of undergraduates when this sooty-winged bird flew one day noisily into the room, flapped his way a dozen times round the walls, darting finally through a pane of glass into space, and never being seen again. An apparition enough to have

persuaded a party of spiritualists of the visible presence of the evil one himself!

Some wild animals, as I have shown, very quickly lose their shyness: all the species of wild duck that I have had in captivity got tame quickly and without trouble; so do the little grebes (dab-chicks) which get familiar in a day, and will live contentedly, swimming, diving and playing in a basin of water; but except in so far as their potentiality for domestication goes, the captivity of these animals is of no sort of importance to mankind. The dab-chick is a small member of the family of divers, from among which we may perhaps some day make a usetul servant. I never possessed a cormorant but it is well known to be tamable, and is utilized by the Chinese to catch fish. To domesticate the cormorant would be the greatest achievement over the animal kingdom made in historical times. Is it proved to be impossible?

Having once been presented with a half-grown heron, I began his education with a view of making use of his well-known talents as an angler, but the heron is an intractable bird. Mine was a wild-looking creature, standing over three feet high, and holding himself in fine, statuesque, and most dignified attitudes; a rather wicked and treacherous bird, however, who would

make sudden stabs with his great bayonet of a beak, and once so nearly succeeded in scooping out one of my eyes, that I approached him ever after very guardedly. I overcame the difficulties of primary education; I got him tame, and I got him to follow me out of doors, stalking after me (when a little hungry) with expanded wings. His patience was a marvel. When placed in a shallow pond, he would stand far longer than I cared to watch him; I never, indeed knew him to catch anything, nor would he probably have consented to surrender his prey to his master if he had. This was to have been an advanced part of his education—his degree—which he never took, for one morning, going into the hut in which he lived, I found him lying upon his back, stone dead, cold and stiff, his head thrown straight back, his wings closed, his legs decently outstretched and one crossed over the other, looking like the carved effigy of a crusader on a mediæval monument.

It need hardly be said that the faculty possessed by the late Mr. White of Eton, the present writer, and other gifted persons, resides to some extent in the knowledge and practice of certain maxims and rules which are not universally known. To acquire any influence over wild animals, their appetite must be appealed to, and this is why the larger carnivorous birds are more

tamable than the seed-eating and insect-eating birds. Birds of prey, in weather when they cannot hunt, or at times when their game is scarce, must needs fast. Eagles and vultures, hawks and owls, cannot even be kept in health without an occasional fast. After long fasting they eat ravenously and immensely, and this *régime* of alternate fasts and feasts is in captivity an essential part of their treatment.

With quadrupeds of prey something of the same sort holds good; they get their food by fits and starts, and when they get any they often get much. Every one knows that a healthy dog is in the better health for being fed only once a day, but a cow, a sheep, or a horse would die in a week if it could not pass as many hours as a dog spends minutes over its meals. A horse might be taught as many tricks as a dog if he could be made as hungry, for he is quite as docile; but whereas a dog can be taught to beg or to retrieve in a week, it often takes, according to the Duke of Newcastle, of horse-training celebrity, as much as eighteen months to teach a horse so simple a thing as the *Demi-volte* or the *Capriole*.

It is on the above-mentioned principle that all raptorial birds are trained, and it underlies the teaching and the tamability of all carnivorous

beasts; but the fasting should not be over-prolonged; it is cruel and also a mistake, for excessive hunger makes the animal too eager and irritable to learn. It was by following this system that I made the heron tame, and the Chinese, no doubt, use it in the training of fishing cormorants. By combining this method with gentleness, constant handling, and some amount of tact, there are very few animals, even the wildest and most fierce, that may not in time be made tame, tractable, familiar, and often friendly and affectionate.

With small birds a compulsory fast is hardly possible. To remove the seed from a bird's cage for an hour is quite as much as is prudent. But the smaller cage-birds — I cannot speak from much experience of them—are by nature more tamable, though also more timid, than the larger species. As in all races of animals, individuals of the same species vary greatly in their capacity of tameness, as every one who has possessed canaries well knows. Among seed-eaters, goldfinches are the most teachable, and bullfinches the most friendly. The keeping of these little creatures in health and happiness during their captivity, is of course guided by the same principles as rule the management of the larger and statelier birds and beasts. All possible conformity to the modes

of life they have been accustomed to in nature is the first point, so that the closest observer of these modes of life shall be the most successful rearer and keeper of wild animals. This is perhaps why, as a rule, only those birds are made cage-birds, and only those species kept domesticated as poultry, whose food can be reduced entirely to a seed diet. In England, no cage birds but the various linnets, finches, and larks can be said to be at all common, and seed and water is nearly all they want to keep them in health. In the poultry-yard, turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, and guinea fowls, though they are the better for a mixed diet, will yet thrive on corn and water. Not so the pheasant, or the partridge, or the grouse, and the first of the three at least might by this time be a poultry-yard bird, had he been content with the food of cocks and hens, or had we had the wit to hit upon a diet suitable to him.

The somewhat *routinier* ideas of English bird-fanciers condemn them to neglect the cage birds which are incomparably the finest songsters of any. Though the nightingale is so common a wild bird, a tame one, full grown and in good song, costs from one to five guineas, entirely from difficulty—a fancied difficulty for the most part—in rearing. He must be fed, our English fanciers think, on meal-worms and on a so-called

"paste" of complicated composition; and so treated is generally a draggle-tailed, silent, and melancholy-looking bird. The difficulties of keeping a still commoner bird of the same family, the blackcap warbler, are supposed to be even greater, and this bird, too, is very rare in captivity in England, but there are things not dreamt of in the philosophy of the cockney bird-fanciers. In some parts of Southern Europe the blackcap is one of the commonest of cage birds, and is usually seen in fine plumage. The secret is a judicious, varied diet, imitated from the bird's natural food. When wild, the blackcap feeds on insects and on fruit of all kinds: in captivity he is fed upon a *mass* made of dried figs minced fine, moistened with a drop or two of wine, and sometimes with a red capsicum or two chopped up in it—an odd addition. This spiced fig pudding seems to serve as the *pièce de résistance* of the blackcap's dinner. He will require, from time to time, bread and milk, chopped meat, hard-boiled egg chopped, and a dessert of whatever fruit may be in season, from an orange to a strawberry, to vary his food. To be sure, most people would consider all this trouble thrown away upon so insignificant a little bird, but then the blackcap is a very lively, interesting, and amusing cage bird, and, if well cared for will

reward his keeper, for nine months of the year, with a song which in sweetness and mellowness is hardly inferior to that of the nightingale itself.

I began this paper with a somewhat deprecatory allusion to my interest in the keeping and taming of wild animals. I am not sure that I shall not end it by taking credit for the possession of such an interest. I say boldly for myself, "*animalis nihil a me alienum puto;*" I thoroughly sympathize with the brute creation. After all, is not the art of rearing, breeding, and taming wild animals an imperial art, well worthy the attention of a dominant nation, and peculiarly worthy the attention of us, the people of these islands? It is not a boast, but a fact, that we, in spite of our climate, have surpassed every nation that ever lived in these same arts. What sort of a country would this be, how much poorer a one, our fields how much less fertile, our larders how much less full, and our purses how much emptier, if we had not successfully set our wits to breed stronger and swifter horses, fatter sheep and oxen, cows that yield more milk, and even cocks and hens, geese and turkeys better, and larger, and heavier than those of our neighbours?

We have done much in this direction, but it would be a very finite world indeed if we had already got to the end of our tether. It can hardly be doubted that more work still remains to be done, but I am inclined to think that it is for the most part work that will have to be done co-operatively, by societies rather than by individuals; and I think the direction of these future achievements will lie in experiments connected with the domestication of new species, rather than in the improvement of the races we have already domesticated.

Some years ago, there existed in London an Acclimatization Society, of which the present writer was an unworthy member, a paying member, but not—for his avocations would not permit it,—a working or a consultative member. The leading idea of the society was, as its name implied, the accustoming to our English climate of new animals; but does not the very word, acclimatization, involve some sort of a fallacy? Is it quite certain that any inuring to a different climate is necessary, with at least the majority of importations from one country to another? The acclimatization theory is always accepted and assumed without question, but I think it is by no means so certainly established as to give its name to a society whose objects should have been more

general. Some very clever men were fellows of our English Acclimatization Society, but they were far too much occupied to bestow much of their time or talent upon the proceedings of the society.

The Acclimatization Society has long ceased to exist. There was an unfortunate air of absurdity thrown over everything connected with it, from the first. We, the fellows, were told that the object of our existence as a Society was the discovery of a new domestic animal which was to be midway in size between a rabbit and a pig, and to have, of course, all the good qualities of both; though a very slight knowledge of natural history would have taught us that nothing resembling such a beast existed in the known world. Then, our zeal for the cause led us to give a grand dinner at which strange birds, beasts, and fishes figured in the bill of fare, and the speech of the evening was made by a Member of Parliament, whose strong point is the breadth rather than the delicacy of his humour. He had been well primed with data and acclimatization statistics of every kind, and he very naturally used them after his kind, by making not wholly unjustifiable fun of the whole thing; some idea of the character of which may be gathered from the fact of his gravely insisting that his hosts of the

evening were a party of hippophagists in disguise, if nothing worse, and that we had induced our guests to eat, unawares, of the meat we loved. There was really a great deal of comic force about the speech, and personally I have seldom laughed more; but the cause of acclimatization was thenceforth a ruined cause. When I next inquired after the Society, a year or two later, it had been broken up. In England the soundest cause will not survive being laughed at, and we had allowed our zeal to carry us a little beyond our discretion. The beef-steaks of eland cow, the *entrées* of sea-cucumber, the soup with birds'-nests in it, and, above all, the compromise between the pig and the rabbit, were the death of the Acclimatization Society.

This paper has already reached to nearly its full limits, and it would take as much space as I have already occupied to show how a Society which should eschew sensational dinners, and comic Members of Parliament, and the search after the beast unknown to Cuvier, might yet find plenty of useful work for itself. There is no lack of desiderata. We want new and more savoury fish for our ponds and rivers, like the black bass of America, or the great pike-perch of the Austrian rivers; we want a larger and better bird in our pigeon-cots; a rodent as hardy as the rabbit

and better to eat; we want to ascertain whether, among the innumerable varieties of deer in various parts of the world, a sort could not be found with venison as good as the fallow deer, and which should not require the breadth and wildness of a deer-park to keep him in health; we want some bird for our game coverts more hardy than the pheasant, and perhaps better to eat. Then we may, perhaps, in time people the shallow seas round our coasts and the estuaries of our rivers with the delicious oysters and clams of the North American seas, and our rivers with the terrapins which the Americans prize so highly.

An English Society to promote these objects should, of course, be a rich one. It should be a Royal Society, in the sense of having the prestige of connection with Government, but without a Government contribution (there is small danger of that) or any control by Government. It should, I think, stimulate research by the grant of a gold medal for the most successful achievements of the year. All our ambassadors, ministers, and consuls abroad, all governors of colonies, all captains in the Royal Navy on foreign service, should be *ex officio* honorary and corresponding members. The Society should not itself institute experiments, but should act as agent, in London and other large seaports, for

the furtherance of the schemes of its members. Researches and experiments should be undertaken by the individual members, but the Society should assist these labours, when they were likely to promise success, by grants in aid.

A Society so constituted, and working quietly and steadily, could not fail to produce valuable results. Its annual "proceedings" would at any rate make delightful reading, and this is more—a great deal more—than I would venture to say of any Society now in existence.

ENGLISH FLOWER GARDENS.

Fashion, which exacts such frequent changes in all that relates to our social life—in our dress, in our domestic architecture, even in the time and place of our holidays, and in other such matters—is singularly constant in respect of our flower gardens. For more than forty years we have hardly moved. About that time ago it was that fashion decreed that an Englishman's pleasure-garden should only be bright for three months in the year. His trim box and yew hedges had long before been voted out of date and cut down; his topiarian triumphs, his urns and his peacocks and his monkeys quaintly carved out of evergreen trees, had been laughed at; his old English flowers, his Canterbury Bells, Sweet Williams, and Columbines; his Pansies and Gilliflowers, whose very names are sweet and racy of old English song and story, were rooted up and cast away.

When the ground was clear, and the gravel

paths had been neatly turfed over, on the level expanse of green were cut beds of singularly inartistic shape, square, circular, oblong, trefoil, slug-shaped, and caterpillar-shaped, arranged in more or less of symmetrical order. Into these unlovely receptacles, when the frosts of spring were overpast—that is, in the middle of May—a greenhouse full of Geraniums, Calceolarias, Cinerarias, Lobelias, Heliotropes, Fuchsias, and Verbenas of various shades of colour, were hastily stuffed, there to make the best fight they could against our inclement climate. If all went well, if the east wind was not too much for them, nor the rains excessive, the plants got into fair blossom in about six weeks, and into full bloom in a fortnight more. In a month afterwards, there was the beginning of the end; the less persistent bloomers were going off, the Heliotropes often were cut down by the frosts of September, and by the middle of October the garden was a wreck. From that time till the May following, that is for a whole seven months, there was no garden at all, only the bare earth of the beds—the places where the flowers "were not."

Now, the innovation I have described in the past tense, exactly represents the garden system of ninety-nine English country houses out of a

hundred. All that we have done to enlarge its narrow bounds has been the weak attempt to introduce the so-called "sub-tropical gardening," which is often little more than a development of the same system of wintering tender plants under glass, and planting them out for the short summer; and then again we have invented the more successful and effective "foliage-plant gardening," the use, that is, of Coleas, Pyrethrums, and others; this, of course, also requiring the use of the greenhouse during the cold months, and being only a further development of the same artificial mode of plant culture.

I seriously urge that this prevailing style of garden is wrong in principle, very uninteresting, quite inartistic, and as compared with the effect produced, extremely expensive.

Wrong in principle, because, while the object of a garden is to give us constant pleasure, to be what the poet says a thing of beauty is, "a joy for ever," the modern English garden, assuming (which I deny) that it is a "thing of beauty," is a "joy" for hardly three months out of twelve.*

Wrong in principle, because, when summer is

* In the "bedding out" garden system, though the beds may be occupied for five months, they are actually gay only for between two or three.

with us, and every bank and hedgerow is delightful with green plant-growth and gay blossom, and we could best dispense with a garden, then only it is that we have one. In the dull winter and early spring months, "when fields are mire and ways are foul," when we can often not go into the lanes, and by the meadows; when we want to be cheered by the pleasant sight of well-filled flower-beds, our garden with its damp and spongy turf, and its empty beds, bare and naked as new-made graves, is about as inspiriting a sight as a London churchyard.

Wrong in principle, because the original object of making the garden gay in autumn was, that its owners, coming from their summer sojourn in London should enjoy, on their return, the bloom of their flowers, without having assisted at their struggles into luxuriance. But apart from the fact that not one country family in ten who have gardens spends the season in town, apart from this, our habits have changed. Most of us now pass these very two or three months at the seaside, or abroad, or in visits to country houses, and often never see a Verbena or a Geranium of our own in perfect flower.

The result of such gardening is inartistic, because, while the beauty of flowering plants is three-fold—their colour, their form, and their

variety—their colour alone is utilized in our English system. The only object of the gardener is to get together as many masses of bright colour as he can; he pegs his plants down to cover the ground, and is melancholy if a single patch of bare earth is visible. The plants are too much crowded for their form to be seen to advantage; and as to variety of growth in leaf, branch, and flower, as to all the matchless and cunning redundancy of Nature's handiwork, all this is lost. To all this the English gardener's appreciation is dead. "A nice shrubby plant," "a fine show of bloom," these are his ideals!

The present writer was one day at a friend's house looking admiringly at a most lovely sprig of some species of Bignonia which had escaped the eye and knife of an excellent and most conscientious Scotch gardener. One branch had got twisted round a stake, and then had lifted itself to the light, showing a flower here and a bud there, alternated with a delicate, pointed leaf, with an exquisite flow and reflux of line-curve that only Dürer could have followed with his etching-needle, or Leonardo with his pencil. "A nasty straggling thing!" said the Scotch gardener, coming up, and immediately cutting off the branch at the stem.

There can be none of this variety in our

gardens, because the list of so-called "bedding-out plants," of plants, that is, which will admit of being planted out in May, and that will grow vigorously and flower freely, is limited; it hardly comprises a dozen species.

Moreover, to harmonise the few garish colours employed on a green expanse of turf, is a task from which even a good artist might shrink. The gardener seldom dreams that there is such a thing as colour-harmony, or that a bright yellow Calceolaria near some tender blue flower, a scarlet and a pink Geranium close together, an orange Gazanea, and a blue Lobelia in close propinquity, are not quite lovely combinations of hues.*

It will take very little eloquence to persuade owners of gardens thus maintained that the expense of them is very great. Greenhouses are not built, warmed, and kept in repair for nothing. To carry out the "bedding-out" system with any sort of completeness and success, demands

* The garden books, indeed, give elaborate (and unacknowledged) applications of Monsieur Chevreul's "Principles of Colour Harmony," and it has been my privilege to hear a well-trained young gardener's assistant discourse learnedly on the "primary and compound colours," and the "complementaries." Monsieur Chevreul's complicated theories apply of course only to elaborate artificial colour designs; they break down completely in the flower garden, where the available tints and shades of colour are limited. An obstinate gardener, full of his pedantic colour-theories, is quite certain to end in making a grand mess of his flower beds.

skilled labour of no light kind. A modern English gardener requires an education which is nothing less than scientific, and, as every one knows, his salary in large establishments is higher than that of many professional men. In mere *materiel*, in bast, seeds, flower-pots, tools, garden-engines, tobacco for fumigation, and new plants, the cost is considerable; and all this to produce a result which is ludicrously disproportioned to the outlay.

The English and, worse still, the Scotch climate, is certainly not such a one as a man would choose for gardening in; but a bad climate has something to do with the making of a good gardener,—it forces him to fight it. The English gardener has a high repute all over Europe; the Scotch gardener is confessedly the best in the world. The worse our climate the more need indeed have we for pleasant gardens; the duller our winters, the chillier our springs, the shorter our summers, the more occasion have we to refresh our eyes with the gay colouring of flowers, to catch the sunshine on south walls, to rear lofty bulwarks of greenery against the sharp north wind, and to prolong the summer blossoms of our flowers.

There are immense difficulties in the way of doing all this, but it is not for Englishmen to

shrink from them. It is not for us, because "it is hard to conquer" these obstacles, to consent to shirk them,—to say "the English climate is so absolutely insufferable that we only condescend to expose our flowers to it for four or five months; the rest of the year they must be boxed up in a glass house." Where is your pride gone, gentlemen, who are owners of gardens, that you permit this clean sweep of every green thing from your flower beds at the end of autumn? Have you no proper spirit left, that you submit to be dictated to by a servant who "makes a desert and calls it" a garden,—who, when you want the sight or the smell of a flower at Christmas, shows you into a damp and stuffy greenhouse, reeking with stale tobacco smoke, the abode of green fly and red spider, and crowded with five thousand miserable little flowerless cuttings! Laugh, indeed! I am doing nothing of the sort, I am moved by and expressing a huge and well-grounded indignation!

This poor spirit has not always animated English gardeners. The time was when our gardens were perennial, like the plants that filled them, when every season had its growth and its interest, its bloom and its attraction. Let us see how a garden was regarded at that period of our history, when English wits and English

taste were confessedly at their brightest and best; let us see what sort of a thing an English garden was in the generation in which Elizabeth reigned and Shakespeare wrote.

Here is a description of one by a man who was considered the foremost statesman, the greatest lawyer of his century, one of the most perfect of courtiers and the wittiest man of his day, and whom posterity has recognized as the chief of English philosophers. Here is Lord Bacon's idea of what a garden should be :—

"God *Almighty* first planted a *garden;* and indeed, it is the purest of humane pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which, *buildings* and *pallaces* are but grosse handy-works: and a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegancie, men come to *build stately,* sooner than to *garden finely,* as if *gardening* were the greater perfection. I doe hold it, that in the royall ordering of *gardens,* there ought to be *gardens* for all the *moneths* in the yeare: in which, severally, things of beautie may be then in season. For *December* and *January,* and the latter part of *November,* you must take such things as are greene all winter: holly, ivy, bayes, juniper, cipresse-trees, eugh, pine-apple-trees, firre-trees, rosemary, lavander, periwinckle, the white, the purple, and the blewe; germander, flagges, orenge-trees, limon-trees, and mirtles, if they be stooved, and sweet mariorum

warme set. There followeth, for the latter part of *January* and *February*, the mezerion tree, which then blossomes; crocus vernus, both the yellow and the gray; primeroses, anemones, the early tulippa, hiacynthus orientalis, chamaïris, frettellaria. For *March* their come violets, specially the single blew, which are the earliest; the yellow daffadill, the dasie, the almond-tree in blossome, the peach-tree in blossome, the cornelian-tree in blossome, sweet-briar. In *Aprill* follow the double white violet, the wall-flower, the stock-gillyflower, the couslip, flower-delices, and lillies of all natures; rosemary flowers, the tulippa, the double piony, the pale daffadill, the French honny-suckle, the cherry-tree in blossome, the dammasin and plum-trees in blossome, the white thorn in leafe, the lelacke tree. In *May* and *June* come pincks of all sorts, specially the blush pincke; roses of all kinds, except the muske, which comes later; hony-suckles, strawberries, buglosse, columbine, the French mary-gold, flos Africanus, cherry-tree in fruit, ribes, figges in fruit, raspes, vine-flowers, lavender in flowers, the sweet satyrian, with the white flower; herba muscaria, lilium convallium, the apple-tree in blossome. In *July* come gilly-flowers of all varieties, muske roses, the lime-tree in blossome, early peares and plummes in fruit, ginnitings, quadlins. In *August* come plummes of all sorts in fruit, peares, apricockes, berberies, filberds, muske melons, monks hoods, of all colours. In *September* come grapes, apples, poppies of all

colours, peaches, melo-cotones, nectarines, cornelians, wardens, quinces. In *October* and the beginning of *November* come services, medlars, bullises, roses cut or removed to come late, hollyokes, and such like. These particulars are for the *Climate of London*, but my meaning is perceived, that you may have *Ver Perpetuum*, as the place affords."

The gardener of to-day may well smile at the enumeration of some of these "Things of Beautie;" the "Figges in fruit" would hardly fit into any modern system of flower gardening, but Bacon was as large minded in his gardening as he was in his philosophy, and would have his garden to contain every fruit and flower that serves for man's use and pleasure and refreshment. His garden would cover, he says, not less than "*thirty acres of ground*, and be divided into three parts: a *greene* in the entrance, a *heath* or *desart* in the going forth; and the *maine garden* in the midst; besides *alleys* on both sides. And I like well that four acres of ground be assigned to the *greene*, six to the *heath*, foure and foure to either *side*, and twelve to the *maine garden*. The greene hath two pleasures: The one, because nothing is more pleasant to the eye then greene grasse kept finely shorne; the other because it will give you a faire alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a *stately hedge* which

is to enclose the *garden*. But, because the alley will be long, and in great heat of the yeare, or day, you ought not to buy the shade in the *garden*, by going in the sunne thorow the greene, therefore you are, of either *side* the greene, to plant a *covert alley* upon Carpenter's work, about twelve foot in height, by which you may goe in shade, into the *garden*."

A garden was thus to be a place where a man could take his pleasure, not a piece of decoration to be taken in by the eye at a glance, and then to have no further interest. He would have no meretricious appeal to the sense of sight, and, oddly enough, he anticipated the most rational of the objections which have been made to the system of the great French gardener, Le Nôtre, who flourished under Louis XIV., and whose leading notion was a tracery of various complicated designs in box, in stone, and in coloured sands, on the surface of the ground. "As for the making," says Lord Bacon, "of *knots*, or *figures*, with *divers coloured earths*, that they may lie under the windowes of the house, on that side which the *garden* stands, they be but toyes; you may see as good sights many times in tarts."

Indeed, he would by no means appeal to the eye alone in his ideal garden. I know in all the multifarious writings on gardening nothing

that betokens so intense a love of flowers, and so intimate a knowledge of them, as the following passage:—

"And because the *breath* of *flowers* is farre sweeter in the aire (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of musick) then in the hand, therfore nothing is more fit for that delight, then to know, what be the *flowers* and *plants* that doe best perfume the aire. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smelles, so that you may walke by a whole row of them, and finde nothing of their sweetnesse; yea, though it be in a morning's dewe. Bayes likewise yeeld no smell as they grow; rosemary little; nor sweet mariorum. That, which above all others yeelds the *sweetest smell* in the *aire* is the violet; specially the white-double-violet, which comes twice a yeare; about the middle of *Aprill*, and about *Bartholomew tide*. Next to that is the muske rose; then the strawberry leaves dying, with a most excellent cordiall smell; then the flower of the vines—it is a little dust, like the dust of a bent, which growes upon the cluster, in the first comming forth. Then sweet briar. Then wall-flowers, which are very delightfull, to be set under a parler, or lower chamber window. Then pincks and gillyflowers, specially the matted pinck and clove gillyflowers. Then the flowers of the lime-tree. Then the honysuckles, so they be somewhat a farre off. Of beane-flowers I speak not, because they are field flowers. But those which

perfume the aire most delightfully, not *passed by* as the rest, but being *troden upon* and *crushed*, are three: that is burnet, wilde-time, and water-mints. Therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure, when you walke or tread."

I have not space to quote more of this delightful essay to show how "the *garden* is best to be square; incompassed "on all the foure sides with a *stately arched hedge*,"—how "*fountaines* are a great beauty, and refreshment; but *pooles* marre all, and make the *garden* unwholesome,"—how the heath is to be a natural wilderness, the side grounds filled with a "*varietie of alleys*" to give shade, and "for shelter when the wind blows sharpe;"—but I have given enough to show the general idea of Lord Bacon's garden, and to let the reader see from how poor a catalogue of plants this grand garden was to be furnished. Since those days of the "early tulippa," and "sweet satyrian with the white flower," we have certainly made great and numerous acquisitions of flowers that will open bravely to our suns; and great blame is due to us if, having them, we fail of doing what Englishmen succeeded in achieving three hundred years ago.

From the reign of Elizabeth to the middle of the last century, the fashion of our English gardens was copied from the Italians, who loved

and still love fountains, terraces, low balustraded walls, broad, stone-paved paths, beds filled mostly with flowering shrubs, "stately alleys," embowered retreats, and great walls of close-clipped hornbeam, box and yew; adorning this pleasance with statues, and with architectural decoration of temples, alcoves and porticoes; now we would copy from the French, whose style of gardening is all this stiffened and formalized, and without the Italian richness of line and breadth of lights and shadows; or again, from the Dutch, who cut and torture their evergreens into quaint shapes of men, monkeys, peacocks and elephants —who love straight lines and rectangular paths and flower beds, and replace fountains with fish-ponds, and terraces with stagnant canals. All these varieties of gardens found their admirers and imitators in England, but it was not until the period when philosophers of the emotional kind, like Jean Jacques Rousseau, were beginning to discover that all formal laws were a mistake, that Nature was the best guide in everything, from ethics to the nursing of babies, it was not till this period that some of our English writers began to apply these great principles to gardening, and to discover that we had all along been constructing our gardens in a radically unphilosophical manner; that we had been appeal-

ing to art, and that we must now appeal to Nature.

The new school of philosophers cast aside all tradition and all law as alike false, artificial and oppressive; and the new school of gardeners followed suit. A straight line was a line drawn by a slave, a flower bed with two sides that corresponded was an utterly base and unworthy thing. The disciples of the new philosophy were bidden to seek out Nature, to consult her, to watch her various moods, to copy her effects, to reproduce her smoothness in their lawns, her ruggedness in their mock rock-works, her picturesque and sinuous curves in their flower beds and walks; to mass their laurels and rose-bushes as she massed her trees in the primæval forests where the desecrating hand of man had never been laid; to mark how she grouped the eternal hills, and to arrange their flower pots in the same tumultuous disorder. These fine principles resulted in what is sometimes called the "picturesque," and sometimes (offensively enough) the "gardenesque" style of landscape gardening. Abroad it was known as the "English style," and its leading idea falling in with the prevailing fashion for unsophisticated nature, it quickly found many admirers and adopters.

The high priests of the new religion in Eng-

land were Lancelot Brown and Sir Uvedale Price, a Herefordshire country gentleman, who wrote a book and carried the principles contained in it into forcible execution whenever he could. He was a true enthusiast in the matter, and no doubt as tedious to his friends as most enthusiasts. When he was elected High Sheriff of his county, it was spitefully said, "Price will want to group his javelin men!" But Sir Uvedale was a scholar and a man of some latent taste, and he lived to deplore the excess of his zeal.

The other famous "naturalist" was Brown, known as "Capability Brown," who treated the face of Nature as a painter does his canvas. His idea was to get the land to be like the picture of some fashionable landscape painter. He sat down at a "point of view," and recomposed the landscape; felling an old oak-tree here, planting a group of tall poplars there, raising a hillock in the middle distance or levelling an inequality in the foreground, carrying the waters of a horse-pond into a hole in the middle of the lawn, because Claude or Poussin had a pond in the corner of a particular picture, cutting down a wood and letting in the east wind, to make a "vista," and otherwise deforming the sweet face of the country side.

At this day very few people believe in the

"noble savage" theory and the "religion of sentiment," but the school of gardening which was founded on the development of these grand theories still flourishes. It is, on the whole, the prevailing style in which English gardens are laid out to this day. We laugh at the theory and we follow the practice.

I am not going to treat my readers to an essay on the picturesque, or even to commit myself strongly to either side of the controversy on style,—a controversy on which the last word has not yet been spoken. When a man has heard and read a great deal on both sides of a particular question, and it happens to be one which he is anxious to resolve in some fashion for himself (and the present writer may claim to be in this predicament), his opinion is apt after a time to crystallize into a very compact form, and to take up a very small space indeed. So it is that he has evolved two or three simple canons or rules out of the conflict of opinion on this question of gardening style, and to them he pins his faith. They are these: for a garden to be most satisfying it must be neither entirely irregular nor entirely regular. There must be an evident law, and an occasional break of that law. A continual infringement of the law is license, a strict obedience to it is subserviency. These are

a few my of canons. I have more in reserve, and shall from time to time fire off one for the reader's benefit.

Now let us see how these rules apply to a garden. If flower beds are "stuck about" on the turf promiscuously, the plants left to straggle according to nature, as they will and where they will, the result is not a garden at all, but a wilderness; even the natural system unconsciously requires some restraint, some underlying formality, some expression of order and symmetry. If, on the other hand, with the French, we carry this symmetry to its logical sequence, if we multiply the restraints of geometrical design and regular lines, and allow no plant to overstep the limit we place to its growth, our garden is pretty, perhaps, and may even be artistically satisfying, but it is as a pattern drawn on paper is satisfying to the eye, it is a dead thing, it has none of the deeper interest of what lives and grows.

Therefore I hold that a garden should in shape be somewhat formal, chiefly in order that the great law of contrast may have full scope; and that the infinite variety and the rich luxuriance of plant growth may show the more various and the more luxuriant when set in contrast with the tracery of some symmetrical, and, if possible,

beautiful design. As I hold the Italians to have shown themselves masters in the art of garden design, so I hold that the example they have set us in gardening is the best to follow.

There are situations, however, where it would be folly to introduce any but the so-called "English" style—the natural style. I can recal many gardens and garden grounds in naturally picturesque localities, where advantage has been taken of wood, rock, lake or ravine, with most admirable results. One such garden in the Highlands of Scotland is particularly in my recollection. Here a path winds along the side of a precipitous rocky bank overhanging the mountain stream below. The gardens follow the path; now a narrow rim of bright flowers, as the rocks close down upon the pathway, now broadening into a border with flowering shrubs, now opening out into a level bit of garden plot, and diversified at each step of the way by the ever-changing views of rock scenery, pine forest, and waterfall.

In another garden in Ireland, where a broad lake is within a stone's throw of the house, the islands lying thick on its surface are connected with the shore and with each other by light wooden bridges, and are all laid out in garden

beds, with their rich green turf intersected by paths of shining white gravel.

A third such garden I can recall—the most beautiful of all—in a foreign country where most of our common green-house plants grow in the open air. Here also the ground is rocky and intersected by deep ravines. The broad walls are covered over with trellis-work, which holds up a matted growth of roses, the tea-scented Adam rose and the Cloth of Gold Noisette being predominant, Bignonias, the Plumbago Capensis, and several species of Bougainvillea, Passion Flowers, and Tacsonias. On the sun-exposed rocky ground, the Scarlet Geranium and the Prickly Pear mingle curiously; and Fuchsias, Heliotropes, and various species of red and yellow Hibiscus, the Poinsettia and other such plants, grow into large and free-flowering shrubs. The watercourse below is mantled with a thick growth of Arundo Donax, the great spear-like reed of warm climates, and the broad-leaved Calladium.

In such situations as these it would be a desecration of nature to level the ground, to build walled terraces, or to make rectangular paths; but in a country where the surrounding scenery is without attraction in itself, where it is barren and yet not picturesque, or, on the other hand,

highly cultivated and tame, or where the space is limited and shut in by walls or houses—there the eye rests delightedly on the rich luxuriance of a cunningly devised design in the Italian style, on terraced walks, arcades, fountains, quaint sundials and balustrades of grey, lichen and moss-covered stone, on broad expanses of smooth gravel, separated by rims of moulded stonework from the deep velvet of the turf; and all this contrasts again with the still deeper green of the clipped yew hedges, against which the marble statues show white and glistening, and the drops from the water jets sparkle like diamonds. What a setting is such a garden as this for flowers! How their rich hues come out doubly rich, and their colour-harmonies doubly tender and doubly harmonious!

This is gardening for millionaires. The work must be the best of its kind; not necessarily elaborated or highly finished, but true art-work, with the hand and mind of a master visible everywhere. Men of modest means must be careful how they try to make a sham garden in this style, with painted plaster casts for marble statues, and instead of rich marble or stone balustrades, a pitiful imitation in painted wood, with rubble walls cement-covered to make them look like stone, and similar abominations.

This brings me to the enunciation of another important canon in gardening art—a rule which if the reader apply to other things than gardening, he will be none the worse a man. *Nothing about a garden should pretend to be what it is not.* The strict application of this rule will, of course, give the death-blow to artificial rockeries, or rooteries, to those abominations of imitation in common use—iron half hoops for path edging made to look like bent sticks, to imitation ruins, and to all the various shams we have indicated above.

If with a due observance of this rule a man choose to practise economy, if he make judicious use of the materials accessible to him, never attempting to pass a thing off for that which it is not, never trying to paint a brick to look like a stone, or a bit of iron-work like a stick, he may still produce admirable results. For a moulded stone edging worked by the chisel he may substitute square tiles of a light colour set edgewise; his terrace wall may be of dark red brick, unpointed, and he may with perfect propriety promote the growth of lichen and moss upon it by occasional watering with muddy water. Such a wall, so treated, loses its "stariness" in a year, and in a decade is a lovely object. On its top, in lieu of balustrade or open work, he may set

three or five rows of roofing tiles, transversely, the hollow side down, and the rich effect of pierced work is obtained at once and quite legitimately.

Instead of using stone or marble vases, he may plant his clipped laurels in wooden tubs, as the gardeners at the Tuileries and the Luxembourg used to do with their orange trees; and a Portugal laurel so treated—barring flower, scent, and fruit—is nearly as ornamental as an orange tree. Statues he must, of course, not think of, nor indeed do they well become any garden but a very grand one. Moreover, a second-rate statue is a painful object, and it is perhaps in questionable taste to employ statues at all in this climate. An undraped marble figure in a March wind is a shivery object, and our summers are perhaps not long or hot enough, nor on the whole are our æsthetic developments sufficiently pronounced, to allow us really to enjoy the sight of the heathen gods and goddesses,

"All standing naked in the open air."

But if our climate makes statues in doubtful taste, there are other quite legitimate non-floral adornments. Sun-dials are, it appears to me, the most fitting and charming ornaments that a garden can possess. In our dull climate parti-

cularly, when the sun will not show for days, the dial in our garden seems to be a constant reminder to us of bright weather, to be a standing protest against dull cloudy skies, and an appeal for sunny days. With their curious tracery of cabalistic line and "Zodiac sign," and their quaint Latin mottoes, the ancient dials in Dutch and French gardens are delightful objects, often true works of art. Their legends—*Horas non numero nisi serenas,* bidding us forget the dark hours of life; and *Vera loqui aut tacere,* Truth or silence —are full of most wholesome rustic moralizing and suggestiveness.

I have hitherto said a good deal about the garden itself and very little about the plants which are to grow in it. The reader will have gathered that the present writer's opinion is that the flowers should have the rich setting of an Italian garden, and this whether the "bedding out" system be adopted, or the natural system of having flowers all the year round, or a compromise between the two. Of the "bedding-out" system I mean to say nothing; so exhaustively is the subject treated in contemporary garden literature that it would be difficult to edge in a new idea. I am quite against the system, I have said why, and I now leave it alone.

In the compromise between the two systems

which I advocate, "bedding-out," in the limited sense of taking a plant from a greenhouse in May and putting it into a garden bed, would have no place, the beds would already be full. But assuming that a certain amount of skilled labour and a certain amount of greenhouse space are available for flower-garden purposes, I should propose to utilize them in a way which I shall presently proceed to explain.

Our garden would be perennial; and we must first take stock of our floral possessions. When we come to compare our list of available hardy flowering plants and shrubs with the curiously restricted catalogue at the disposal of the gardener in the sixteenth century, it will be seen that we are positively embarrassed by our wealth. Even Lord Bacon's list is largely made up of importations from abroad; and since then the four quarters of the globe have been ransacked for hardy as well as for greenhouse plants.

We have now our long list of hardy plants; and by a judicious choice of "exposure," by a skilful manipulation of soil, by proper draining, and by protection of the roots in winter, we can encroach considerably upon the list of the so-called "half hardy" plants—those, namely, which are not quite robust enough to outlive our winters.

No pains must be spared in the efforts to

counteract the effect of our English climate; and I shall, I trust, be able to show that if the right means are taken, an English garden in the latitude of London may be so bettered artificially as to bring it to be equivalent in many respects to a locality several degrees to the south; let us say, to Paris or Orleans.

First, we must keep off the north wind, and this can only be done by the protection of a wooded hill, a thick lofty hedge of evergreen, or, better than all, though apt to interfere with ideas of fitness, a high wall to shut out the cold winds, and to concentrate the feeble rays of our English sun. The ground must be drained, the drains large and near together, and their fall rapid. I consider the difference between a well-drained and an ill-drained soil to be itself as good as two or three degrees of latitude—to be equal to moving a garden from, let us say, York to London or Bristol. Every gardener knows the value of draining—knows that, apart from the bad effect of stagnant water at the roots of the plants, a water-logged soil parts rapidly with its caloric—in plain English, is colder than a dry one;* but it is not every gardener that

* There is a further reason for the comparative warmth of drained soil which is not at once evident to the non-scientific reader. The specific gravity of water is greatest at about 40

knows how much can be done by treating the soil itself. I allude not to alteration of the subsoil, for I assume that we are dealing with an ordinary garden loam, neither inclining too much to clay, to lime or to sand, but to the fact that we can render the soil itself very considerably warmer. This we can do by the use of charcoal in powder, laid on one, two, or three inches thick, and worked carefully in to the depth to which the roots reach.

The effect is threefold; it absorbs ammonia, the chief nutriment of plants, and parts with it slowly; although its own carbonaceous matter is probably not consumed by plants, yet, in some occult way, it acts very beneficially as a manure; it darkens the surface of the soil, and thereby increases its power of absorbing heat, and being itself one of the slowest conductors of heat known, it parts with the heat it has thus acquired very slowly. In clayey soils, it contributes to

Fahr., which is about the temperature of the water a few inches below the surface in a hard frost. Now, if there comes warm rain, say at a temperature of 60°, this warmer water will not descend to mix with the cold water in the soil; it is lighter, and will remain above what is colder; whereas let the land be deeply drained, and the cold water will sink out of reach of the plant roots, while the warm rain will reach them freely. Experiments have shown that there is often a difference of 20° at seven inches from the surface between drained land and undrained.

porosity, and lets in the warm rain water; in chalky and light-coloured ground, its heat-absorbing influence is, of course, its greatest recommendation. This expedient, commonly adopted in Germany, is, I believe, seldom employed by English gardeners.

Assuming that we have called to our aid all these auxiliary contrivances to wage the battle against our climate, let us run very rapidly over the ranks of our army, the "hardy" flowering plants with which we are to keep our proposed garden green and beautiful the whole year. We must not despise the old-established favourites of the garden, nor, on the other hand, have any conservative prejudice against the grand floral acquisitions of recent years. If we risk a soldier here and there, if a plant succumbs to the accident of a sharper frost than usual, or a longer continued rain, it is no more than must be expected with other armies and in other battles.

Among the earliest flowers of the year are the bulbous-rooted ones, but even before them come the little winter aconite and the Christmas rose—tuberous plants—both, no doubt, despicable enough in a professional gardener's eyes. After these comes the snowdrop, then the various kinds of crocus, of narcissus (not forgetting the exquisite little hoop petticoat daffodil, *N. bulbo-*

codium, a favourite flower of our grandfathers, but now unfortunately quite out of fashion), iris, and fritillary, all of which "come before the swallow dares;" then the hyacinths in infinite variety. Later on, the exquisite varieties we now have of the ixia, gladiolus, amaryllis, most of which will stand our climate with a little contrivance; the great family of the tulips, born and bred for us by the Dutch. Then the grand tribe of the lilies, many of them importations from Japan, which has given us so many hardy and nearly hardy flowering plants. Among hardy bulbous plants not much known in the outdoor garden, I can recommend the pretty Zephyrantes candida, with its white, pink-tipped petals, and Z. atamasco, and Agapanthus umbelliferus, with its fine blue flowers.

Among tuberous plants we have cyclamens and anemones of various kinds, all worthy of cultivation in a perennial garden. Of course pæonies will have a place for their showiness, and dahlias, though the first frost ruins them in a night, and it is often extremely difficult to get the roots to survive the winter. Indeed, in the majority of localities, the winter frosts kill the tubers and they must be taken up. The old-fashioned everlasting pea, with its certain and abundant summer bloom, even if it be not very

showy, is still deserving of a place in the perennial garden. So, of course, is the ranunculus and its numerous kinds, and the bright and various charactered varieties of tropæolum.

Of herbaceous plants, which in this climate for the most part die to the roots in winter, are auriculas, the dodecatheon, or American cowslip, with its twelve-flowering head, for which the learned Linnæus revived the old Greek name of the "Twelve gods' plant," the antirrhinums, carnations, the campanulas, some lowly and creeping, some erect and finely pyramidal in shape, and all bright of flower; the chrysanthemums, which, in the autumn, make a "lightening before the death" of the year; the foxgloves, the grandest of our native wild flowers, not forgetting the white variety; the everlastings—there are now several species that contribute to this class of flowers, some pink, some purple, some yellow —are useful for their enduring blossom and their subdued colouring. The geraniums, scarlet and multicoloured, are too tender for the beds of a perennial garden, so, likewise, are most of the fuchsias; but these two splendid floral acquisitions cannot be neglected, and will find their place in our garden in a manner that I shall presently describe.

The hollyhock we shall make great use of,

a plant over which a gardener might be excused for going into raptures of enthusiasm. It is even better appreciated in France than in this country. No one, with any artistic taste, can fail to admire this noble plant, with its imposing pyramid growth, its finely-shaped flower discs, and its infinite variety of bright colouring. It looks well everywhere in a garden, either when backed by dark evergreens or standing alone, for a fine hollyhock is like a masterpiece of sculpture that shows well from every point of view. No situation is too lowly or too lofty for it. Surrounded by the arcades and marble terraces of a king's palace, growing in a stately row by the moated garden and under the towers and turrets of a Gothic castle, or nestling by the porch of a peasant's cottage, it is always a beautiful and always a fitting ornament.

Can I venture to suggest such flowers as Sweet William and London Pride, or will the *sœva indignatio* of my professional brethren utterly overwhelm me? For the little Alpine saxifrage which we call London Pride, I admit that not much can be alleged. It is certainly not showy, makes no approach to being what is called a "florists' flower," but for some reason or other, children are always devoted to it. Perhaps it is that their eyes are nearer to the ground than

those of us grown-up people, and that they can see better than we can the delicate pencillings of tender tints on its diminutive petals. For Sweet William more can be said. It is thoroughly hardy; its flowers, which "sport" considerably, invariably come out in beautiful and complex colour-harmonies. The French peasantry, who are clever flower-namers, note and record this fact in the name they give it of *bouquet parfait*, implying that each head of flowers contains in itself the tints of a whole nosegay.

I will conclude my catalogue of the herbaceous group with the perennial species of lupins; the bright flowered mesembryanthemums, whose only fault is implied in their name of "noon-flower;" the asters, useful in the autumn months; the pansies and violets, salvias, pinks, and primulas; the many curious new species of sedum or stonecrop, most of which are hardy; and the valerians, red and white.

Of hardy flowering shrubs our acquisitions of late years are enormous, and I can, in my space, only indicate some of the species. At the head of all, for beauty of flower and foliage, are the camellias, which I regretfully am unable to treat as really hardy plants; for the camellia, though it thrives to the south of London, rarely flowers in the open air, and if it did, would bloom

so early in the year that the frosts of spring would cut off its blossom. Next comes that fine group of shrubs the hibiscus, from Syria, from Africa, and from Japan, with the great bright red, purple, and yellow flowers, and leaves so variously and beautifully pinnated, that the Japanese make them a constant "motive" of design in their best art work. The azaleas, rhododendrons, and kalmias, the hydrangeas, the genistas, daphnes, ulices or furzes, will all find their places in our perennial garden; but I shall treat the shrubs more practically presently.

Into this group comes the true queen of plants, the rose, lovely in foliage, matchless in flower, exquisite in scent, and only monstrous and ridiculous when the depraved taste of our rosarians ordains that a cabbage on the top of a walking-stick shall be the ideal of its form. It is, of course, only as a creeper on walls and trellises, as a bush, or trained to a pyramid shape, that it can be admitted to a garden where good taste professes to reign. If fine roses are wanted for room decoration or for exhibition, let a part of the kitchen-garden, or some out-of-the way corner of the estate, be marked off, sheltered from the north wind, and from the glare of the afternoon sun. In this retired spot, dedicated to the goddess of utility, let the rosarian grow his budded

briar and manetti stock, but let him not venture to intrude his monstrosities into the company of decent plants.

For the true garden, unless the owner be bitten with the rose mania, it is better to keep to approved sorts, even though they be a little old-fashioned, than to run after new and expensive varieties, which are often very disappointing.

To get a pyramid rose into good growth is rarely to be accomplished under three years, and requires careful selection, a rich soil,* and constant attention. A rose that grows into a good pyramid is likewise one that does well as a creeper on a wall or trellis—one, that is, with a vigorous constitution, a free bloomer, and which has flowers that last. Among the best of the hybrid perpetuals (the roses, that is, which flower

* More important even than judicious pruning of the rose (many experienced gardeners fail in this apparently simple art) is its right manuring. If the soil is very clayey, the manetti stock will seldom thrive, and for roses on their own roots or on this stock, the clay soil should have mixed with it a plentiful addition of wood-ashes, sand, and well decayed turf. The best soil I know for roses meant to grow rank and strong as pillar-roses or creepers, is half the local soil, prepared as above, if necessary, and half fresh manure *from the cow byre*. Let this be mixed in early summer, turned three times, at intervals of a month, and used in November to plant the trees in. It is not a bit too strong, and may even be supplemented by liquid manuring in spring, when the buds form, and in July, when the flowers fall.

in summer and again in autumn) for these purposes are—Madame Clémence Joigneaux, with deep carmine-pink flowers; Maréchal Vaillant, a glowing crimson; Madame Boll, a fine foliage rose, bright pink in flower; Charles Lefébvre, and his forefather Général Jacqueminot, both scarlet-crimsons. Among the tea-scented, for growth, freedom of flowering, and beauty of blossom combined, there is nothing like the old Gloire de Dijon. Maréchal Niel has indeed a finer flower, but it is a shy flowerer, and sensitive to cold; budded on Gloire de Dijon, it often inherits the vigour of that fine rose. The Bourbon roses and the noisettes are best grown as bushes, and the tea-scented noisettes are hardly safe anywhere in England but on a south wall.

There remains to be considered the race of climbers and creepers,—artists' plants, they may be called, with their graceful curves and drooping sprays, and trumpet-shaped, star-shaped, or cup-shaped flowers. They are the drapery of the garden, and clothe the naked walls with a garb of verdure with little trouble to the gardener.

Our available list, among many others, includes honeysuckles of a dozen charming species; passion-flowers, a numerous and invaluable family; bignonias, almost as numerous; jasmine, aristolochia, weigelea rosea, periploca

græca; the pomegranate—a tree on the continent, it flowers best with us when it is treated as a creeper; the wisteria, which in such a garden as I have proposed should flower twice in the year; the clematis, with its many new species; Tecoma radicans, a useful creeper, with fine orange flowers; the common and the winter jessamine, and many others, which any garden book will give.

There is one department — rather, a sub-department—of gardening not without its charm, which might have some place in a system of perennial gardening, the growing of alpine and sub-alpine plants; but so delicate are many of this family when transferred to our moist, ungenial climate and soil, that it is better to devote a small garden exclusively to this family of plants, whose exposure and soil can be made to suit them.

I will now suppose that the beds of our garden have been filled at the proper seasons with such of the above more or less hardy plants as best suit the nature of the garden and the taste of its owner. If he is in earnest in desiring to abandon the "bedding-out" system, let him abstain from combining his plants into masses of colour. If he once begins with this there is no leaving off, and he will fall into all the monotony

of the prevailing fashion. Let him set each plant so as to show it to its greatest advantage, grouping two or three together in one place, and placing them singly in others, as they are found in Nature. He may, if he please, exercise his taste and skill in combining form and colour, but the odds are that he will find chance and Nature more cunning artists than himself.

If he does no more than treat his garden as a natural perennial one, and let each plant bear flower and fruit in its due season, he will already have achieved a charming and most interesting garden; but a great deal more than this can be done with the appliances of skilled labour and greenhouses which I have assumed to be at his disposal. The necessity for the wintering of herbaceous cuttings being removed, the time of the men and the house-room may be used in the winter treatment of flowering shrubs, which may be grown in cubical boxes, and wheeled out when the frosts are over, to take their places at the angles of beds and round fountains, in rows on the terraces, and at the intersection of paths.

A multitude of shrubby plants can be treated in this way, and it is obvious that an almost endless degree of variety and brilliancy may by this means be given to the garden in summer time.

When, again, it is required to winter these box plants, their places may be taken by the hardier evergreens, the Portugal laurel, common laurels, bays, and aucubas, which have been summered outside the garden.

The wintering of the half-hardy box plants in the green-house, and the production of bright, shrubby masses of flower and foliage, should present no difficulties to a good gardener. A hundred years ago it was the fashion to winter orange and lemon trees under glass, as is still done in France, and with them to decorate the summer garden. The practice is still traditionally followed in some of our great English country houses, and to pass through a row of twenty or thirty of such lemon and orange trees in summer time in an English garden, where these denizens of the south are no common sight, with their delicious perfume scenting the air, is a thing not soon to be forgotten.

The boxes or tubs should be as small as is practicable, should be very strong—be made of seasoned oak, clamped and riveted with iron rods, should be cubical in shape, and should be painted grey, or a grey-green, the colour of some kinds of lichen: never dark green, which shows badly against the green of leaves. A light truck, something like a railway porter's, carries the

plant in and out of the greenhouse in an upright position with the minimum of labour.

Geraniums of all kinds and fuchsias are susceptible of this treatment. It is obvious that in the case of all box-plants a certain degree of symmetry is necessary, as the plants are required to contribute a certain number of defined lines to the general arrangement of the garden. Advantage will be taken of the *habit* of the plant, and geraniums will be grown into spherical bushes, while the fuchsias will, as a rule, be easily trained into tall, pyramid-shaped plants.

Roses can, of course, be treated in this way also, and will then anticipate by a month those that are grown in the open air.

Not only is there an almost infinite choice of shrubby flowering plants to choose from in this mode of culture, but there is a fertile and much-neglected source of pleasure in garden decoration from the apposition of various shades of green. The secret of these combinations, well known to the landscape painter, has only just dawned upon the world of milliners, and apparently not yet reached the world of gardeners. A marvellous effect can be produced by taking advantage of the long gradation in intensity of the leaves of evergreens, beginning with the almost grey, glaucous green of such shrubs as the tamarisk,

the juniper, and the Berberis glumacea, through the lighter shade of the lemon and the darker tones of orange and citron trees, up to the sombre green of the yew and holly.

If we compare these various modes of reinforcing the summer attractions of our garden with the common "bedding-out" system, one advantage connected with it will, of course, be conspicuous. The summer brightness of the garden will commence from the moment that the boxes have been wheeled out, let us say from about the 20th or 25th of May, or at latest, the 1st of June, whereas the mere filling of the beds with greenhouse plants is a much slower operation, and the plants do not show a vestige of blossom for long weeks afterwards. Then, we all know that the "bedding-out" system must be carried out with a rare perfection, if two, or three, or more beds do not absolutely refuse to fill out, and hang fire most inopportunely, do what the gardener will; holding back like recalcitrant musicians in an orchestra, who refuse to pipe or fiddle at the right moment, let the conductor frown his sternest at them!

The gardening of every nation should, and indeed must, be made subservient to its own circumstances and surroundings. An English

garden, with its absence of shade and its turf-set flower beds, would be dried up and baked the colour of toast in a week under the sun of Spain or Italy; and such gardens as dwellers under southern skies enjoy would speedily become the habitation of the newt and frog, if transferred to northern climes. In Russia, open air gardening is only a very sorry makeshift, and the "poor frozen out gardeners" of the North have to conduct most of their operations under glass; and on a very magnificent scale they do it, enclosing under a huge glazed dome a whole garden plot, with its parterres, walks, arbours, and fountains. This sort of thing has of late been much recommended for us, but we have not quite come to that yet, and gardening, to keep the hold it has on the likings of English men and women, must continue to be an out-of-door occupation.

The fashion in gardens in Southern Europe has always been for shade and for coolness. Here is a short description of a garden, written some two thousand years ago, which I translate :—

> In thick-leaved elms the breeze is whispering;
> The cooling waters of a sacred spring
> Drip from their rocky source, and from near by
> The thrushes sing and the cicadas cry.

This is a perfect picture of the only sort of

garden which is enjoyable in a hot climate: the shade, the light breeze, the cool splash of water, the pleasant sounds of Nature. Such are the gardens of Greece, Turkey, Southern Italy, and Egypt. The ideal of an Arabian garden is a dense shade of plane and other broad-leaved trees; and so thick are their groves of sweet-scented shrubs that a garden is rather a wood than the open space which we make our garden pleasances. Here water is for ever heard dropping into marble basins, and the moist air is heavy and faint with the sweetness of orange flowers and musk roses and jasmines.

This somewhat exaggerated liking of the Arabs for excessive shade and moisture was, I suspect, carried to whatever lands in Europe and Africa their civilization reached. In Morocco, in Spain, and in Sicily, this Arab or Moorish type of gardening is still found. In the Peninsula a proverb runs, "A garden without water, a house without a roof, and marriage without love, are all bad things," and first it will be seen on the black list is put the waterless garden.

In the suburbs of a certain ancient city of Spain is to be seen an old Moorish garden of this sort—a most enchanting spot. Coming from the dusty street without, a single step brings one into a fresh, cool atmosphere that might have

given its former Moorish owner a foretaste of his Moslem paradise. Among other modes of bringing the freshness of the water to the senses, among various ways of multiplying its sound and sight, among devices for causing threads of water to fall from a height into brimming fountains and water-spray to glance in the light, was one which the writer had seen nowhere else. A broad flight of marble steps leads from the upper to the lower part of the garden, and the balustrade on either side of these steps is topped by flat slabs of marble, along which a narrow channel is cut, and down this there constantly flows a tiny runnel of clear water; at each landing-place and at the bottom of the stairs an earthenware jar is let into the marble, and the water flows into and out of it with a spiral whirl and a gurgling sound. The notion may seem a fanciful one to us at home, where the splashing of the rain-drops and the gurgle of water is no variety, and one requires to be a little baked and dusted in a country where the rain often holds off for five months, before one can appreciate the pleasure of dipping one's fingers into running water as one walks up and down stairs.

Charming as these Moorish gardens are, they would, of course, be stupid enough in this country, and we Englishmen have, indeed, exceptional

difficulties to contend against. In the south, there is the dry, sun-baked air to cool and moisten; in the north, the obstacles to gardening are snow, ice, and excessive cold. We have both extremes to fight against—heat in summer, cold in winter, and, in addition, rain and cloudy skies at all seasons. Beyond all doubt, therefore, our task is a harder one than that of gardeners in the ice-bound north or in the sunny south. We cannot make our gardens one huge greenhouse, like the Russians, nor one mass of shade like the people of Southern Europe. If, then, we abandon our present garden system—and there are signs and tokens of such abandonment—to what shall we betake ourselves?

What is to be the "gardening of the future?" I am not bold enough to foretell; but I like to believe it will be somewhat after the model of what I have already described, that, to revive the old English term, our gardens will again be true "pleasure gardens" for their owners; not mere pretentious displays of flower-colours to impress our autumn visitors, but a plot of ground in which, summer and winter, the owners themselves can take delight. I can imagine long, broad, paved pathways—esplanades, if the word is more suggestive—along sunny southern walls, with a glazed roof supported by light columns.

Such sheltered walks would afford a warm and delightful haunt in the coldest, sleet-laden winds from the north and east. In very rainy weather from the south, light, moveable shutters of iron, constructed like Venetian blinds, could be fixed between the pillars; and inside these, again, in frosts, thick canvas, oil painted and stretched on light wooden frames, would keep out a good deal of frost; and one or two small, slow-burning stoves, would convert the walk, at need, into a perfect greenhouse, in which a hundred different tender plants could be made to grow to perfection. Here camellias and the hibiscus tribes and poinsettias would flourish, and oranges and lemons could be wintered; the Maréchal Niel rose would grow to a perfection which is almost impossible for it to attain in our climate; and if the expense of such a structure is put forward, let it be set against the keeping up of stoves and greenhouses, the price of new and fashionable roses, verbenas and geraniums, which often cost a hundred or two hundred times as much as older and better known flowers, and differ from them, as a rule, in little beside name and in price.

This for the winter months: then I can imagine, for summer days, walks, not on spongy turf but on broad paved or gravelled pathways,

by sparkling fountains and rows of bright flowering shrubs, orange and lemon, filling the air with their sweetness and by parterres changing day by day in form and hue.

It is a good deal a question of taste and of custom. As our national taste enlarges, and as it gets educated into real culture, so, I believe, shall we get to be dissatisfied with a garden system which, though it has pleased us during nearly two generations, is, nevertheless, thoroughly narrow and thoroughly un-English; but there is a far more serious aspect to the question than that of good or bad taste. A garden is more than a mere recreation—"a refreshment to the spirits," as Bacon calls it; it is an important means of health. A garden swept by the cold sleety winds of winter and spring, dank and spongy underfoot, tempts us forth indeed in ungenial weather, but it tempts us to our destruction. It is thus that the seeds of fatal disorders are sown—it is thus that colds and chills and sore-throats begin, with all their long and often fatal sequences.

In a *pleasance* such as I have just described, a sheltered walk and occupation in a dry, warm atmosphere, could be had on any day of our English year. How many a valuable life might have been spared, how many English homes

would at this moment not be desolate, if only our grandfathers had seen the wisdom of making their gardens for their pleasure and ease and comfort, and not for pride and foolish ostentation!

It is the opinion of the present writer that we are on the eve of a great reform in gardening. Social revolutions come about, as a rule, not because sensible people see and expose the defects of the existing order of things, but because conventional people get in time tired of their own conventionality, and sigh for a change. A garden system which costs a great deal, which makes a short, garish, and vulgar show, an imposture which satisfies no artistic taste, cannot hold its own in the England of to-day, where a sound æstheticism is gaining a certain hold upon all classes, and where shams are happily getting every day to be thought more and more ridiculous and degrading. I therefore confidently predict that a new order of gardening is at hand, and that the established English garden—the paradise only of florists, seedsmen, and nursery gardeners—will soon be a thing of the past.

TROUT FISHING.

LET a man put the matter how he will, let him use the longest sentences and the biggest words, and it will still be difficult for him to persuade his reader or himself that when he takes up his pen to write an essay upon the catching of trout, he is doing a thing which is altogether compatible with the dignity of literature.

We, my brother anglers and myself, who are enthusiasts in regard to this kind of diversion, the most scientific and the most humane of out-of-door sports, are, if the truth must be confessed, apt at times to feel a little ashamed of ourselves. Our quarry is singularly disproportioned to the paraphernalia wherewith we go about to secure it, to the time we spend and the efforts we make in its capture. Moreover, we

have to bear the brunt of what contempt we may excite, alone and unsupported by companions. A fox-hunter places himself in fully as ridiculous a position as an angler, seeing that he actually "preserves" a noxious animal for the sole purpose of pursuing it at a very great expense of time and money and broken bones; but he is mounted, and derives some consideration thereby, to say nothing of his having a large field of fellow-sportsmen to keep him in company. A man out shooting is a "strong man armed," and therefore not likely to meet with open contempt or adverse criticism, even should he encounter that born foe to field sports, the aggressive Mr. Freeman himself, in the turnip-field. Moreover, both fox-hunter and shooter must join issue with Mr. Freeman and the humanitarians, and I am not at all prepared to say that they would get the best of it.

A trout angler, assuming that his pursuit is perfectly innocent, which it assuredly is, has only to defend it on the score of dignity, and many lame attempts to do this have been made from time to time. One apologist of "the contemplative man's recreation" will talk of "wandering amid pleasant scenery, rod in hand"—the hypocrite! as if the scenery were the inducement, and not the rod, which he affects to speak

of so lightly. The best of all apologies is Shakespeare's, and yet it is a poor one—

> "The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
> Cut, with her golden oars, the silver stream,
> And greedily devour the treacherous bait;"

for this is no true defence of trout fishing. The exquisite second line describes not the darting motion of the trout, but the lazier movements of golden-finned perch and carp, denizens of the slow-flowing Avon and the dull and stagnant waters round Stratford. It is a poetical description of bait or bottom fishing, with which little exciting mode of angling Shakespeare was evidently perfectly acquainted. Though fishing with the artificial fly and the "spinning" of a dead minnow were arts practised long before Shakespeare's age, it is not likely that our great poet ever threw a fly, spun a minnow, or, indeed, landed a trout in his lifetime.

As for the present writer, he despises such subterfuges, and boldly avows that the catching of big trout, and many of them, is what he cares for. Fine scenery is very well in its way, but it is a melancholy substitute for an empty creel; and as for watching the graceful motions of the fish, the less the angler sees of the trout before it is landed the better. If a man can see the trout, the trout can generally do the same by him;

and whenever this is the case, the chances of sport are slight.

On the whole, therefore, if a man will be honest, he must defend his liking upon sounder ground than what is generally put forward. After all, is not the tendency of mankind towards field sports of all kinds an altogether extraordinary circumstance, and one quite worthy of consideration by thoughtful men? What indeed can be, at first sight, more inexplicable than that any reasonable man should be a keen angler? yet it is not a rare taste, and one very common among men of some mental calibre. Divines, and men of letters, from Isaak Walton to Sir Humphrey Davy and Professor Kingsley, have been good and successful brothers of the rod. We are a goodly company, and yet what sound reason can a man allege for putting himself to great pains and some expense in order to catch a few small fish, slimy and ill-smelling, and which, being cooked, are often hardly worth eating? Can any one doubt that were a man to angle for trout now for the first time in the world's history, he would find himself in a madhouse before he had filled his basket? Let us imagine Dr. Forbes Winslow watching a suspected patient on the bank of a trout stream. He would be anxious when he saw his patient whirling a long rod in the air;

he would be alarmed when he saw the "subject" throw a futile line on the surface of the water, and he would be completely convinced when he beheld his lunatic draw a fish six inches long from the stream, and place it, with the cunning look and complacent smile of insanity, in his fishing basket. The thing has, however, now, been done too often. As the world goes, we pass for sane men, and may defy all the "mad-doctors" of Christendom.

Nevertheless, the thing requires consideration, and if the philosophers would condescend to give a rational explanation of the inherent love of field sports, they would do us a good turn; but they have not condescended, and as we are casting about for the means of giving our subject a dignified aspect, it may not be amiss to digress for a moment to its philosophic bearings.

A great school of thinkers will have it, as every one knows, that certain inherent notions we have are "necessary forms of thought." May not our liking for field sports have a similar unaccountable origin; may they not be "necessary forms of taste?" Philosophy, however, is a generous science. If one explanation of a thing will not please us, we have our pick of twenty others. These same notions, say others of our instructors, are no more accidental or necessary

than the coins we may be lucky enough to have in our purses. They are heirlooms; our forefathers gained them, treasured them up, and left them to us. How did they acquire them? Slowly, bit by bit, in the course of long generations, reply the evolutionists; and these most fashionable of modern philosophers further contend that these legacies of habit and mode of thought can never, like mere pecuniary legacies, be entirely spent and squandered by the heirs. The legatees may think that every penny is gone; that they have become abject paupers, when suddenly some remnant of their patrimony turns up to remind them of the generosity of their ancestors.

Now the application of this new theory is quite easy and very interesting; our seemingly purposeless pursuit is nothing but the legacy bequeathed to us by a long line of ancestors, with whom the getting their dinners depended entirely upon their being able to hunt them out of the forest, or to fish them out of the streams. This necessity, at first no doubt, irksome, would become—as "the human brain is the organized register of infinitely numerous experiences received during the evolution of life"—the delight, as well as the occupation of their lives. Then, their habits strengthening into second nature as

generations of hunters and fishermen lived and died—so the theorists would argue—these habits would get to be such strongly implanted tendencies that they would be able to survive through long generations of men who had no need to practise such predatory habits, but could buy their fish at the fishmongers, and get their meat from Leadenhall Market. The instinct, nevertheless, would lie dormant, perhaps be quite unsuspected; the descendant of a line of grocers would make a fortune, and, behold! there would suddenly awake in him the old instinct of his naked, woad-painted progenitor, and he would straightway rent a moor, or buy a salmon river!

How interesting, and also how improving, is philosophy of this kind! Starting with a little stock of enthusiasm and determination to arrive at a conclusion, where may we not land ourselves and our disciples?

So much for the metaphysics of trout fishing; the practical part of the subject is what I mean chiefly to deal with in this paper.

There are but two quite legitimate ways of catching a trout with the angle: first, with an artificial fly; and, secondly, with a minnow in clear water. To catch fish by any of these methods is a difficult process, for the trout is the wariest and

most capricious of fishes. On the other hand, there are other ways of fishing which are not so difficult, but which are open to the objection of being unsportsmanlike and unfair. I shall have little to say about them. They imply an unfair setting of our human wits against those of the trout, which can be satisfactory to neither party.

On some rivers the May-fly is found—a fat, grey insect which appears for about three weeks some time in early summer, and begets a brief insanity on the part of every trout in the river. The May-fly is evidently a delicious morsel, and the trout are ravenously attracted by it. Till the fish becomes satiated with this rich insect-food, it is only necessary to impale one or two dead May-flies on a hook, to use a light line, and to cast it—or better, to let the wind waft it lightly to the surface of the river, when fish in plenty may be taken. Fortunately both for real anglers and for the fish themselves, the flight of the May-flies lasts but a week or two; and even before they are off the water, the trout grow weary of them, and they are no longer a taking bait.

A still more poaching way of trouting is in flooded waters, with a worm or minnow; but the most deadly and the least defensible, is the baiting of the hook with salmon roe. This, however, is only practicable in autumn; and, so far as I am

aware, in rivers frequented by salmon at those times when that fish is depositing its spawn in the gravel of the river shallows.

One more mode of fishing remains, and I hesitate whether to class it among the poaching or the more legitimate modes of trout capture; this is the use of the small red brandling worm, in very clear water. To be successful, in large rivers especially, requires great skill and great knowledge of the haunts and habits of the fish. It can be practised in late summer, when most other lures fail; but then the impaling of a worm on a hook is a dirty and, in spite of the arguments of "savants," apparently a cruel practice. On the whole, there is more to be said against it than for it, and few decent anglers condescend to the use of a worm under any circumstances.

There remain then to be considered fly-fishing, and fishing with the natural dead minnow or an artificial imitation of it. Both are difficult, and no man can be successful in either branch of the art of angling, who has not learnt something of the character and the habits of the trout. The more he knows, the more fish he will catch.

The trout is, compared to every other English river fish, exceedingly swift and keen-sighted, and this peculiarity is shown in his mode of seizing his prey. The so-called coarse fish, the dace,

roach, and chub, hang about in shoals in mid-water, or nearer the top than the bottom of the river; and when they feed on flies, they lift themselves in a somewhat leisurely and, as it were, meditative way to the surface, and suck in the insect in a particularly sure and deadly way. If that fly happens to be artificial and to conceal a barbed hook, the very determined manner in which it is seized, and in which the fish slowly turns and sinks below the surface, ensures its being firmly implanted in the leathery jaws of the dace, chub, or roach. It is hardly necessary for the angler to "strike"—to give that slight turn of the wrist on which so much depends in fly-fishing for trout.

Very different is it with the trout. He seldom disports himself in midwater. He is a serious and not, like the so-called "coarse fish," a gregarious animal. He loves concealment, and he loves solitude. He lurks at the bottom in the shelter of some tree-root or great stone, or hides from the sun in the deep shadow of a hollow bank. He loves the rush and swirl of a strong current; and his strength will hold him poised with hardly a movement of his muscular tail-fin in a rapid that would sweep the weaker fish down-stream in a moment. In such haunts he waits and watches for his prey as it comes hurrying

past him in the running water. He is not particular as to what it is, provided only it be animal food; he prefers it if it have life and movement in it; he finds his prey among the teeming insect-life of the river itself, among the larvæ of the innumerable kinds of Ephemeridæ and Phryganidæ, the creepers and water-crickets, and among the May-flies and stone-flies into which these creatures develop. He devours the loach, and the bullhead, and the minnow, the young of every fish that swims, the fresh-water shrimps, and even the water-beetles; nor does he neglect the waifs and strays of his native stream, its varied jetsam and flotsam, the caterpillars and tree insects that are shaken by the wind off the tree-branches on the bank, and the worms and slugs that are swept down in flood-time from the meadows. From his hiding-place his keen glance catches sight of every insect swept past him in the eddy, of the tiniest minnow swimming through the broken water; and he darts, with a rush too quick sometimes for the human eye to follow, often through several yards of water to seize his prey. His rush is impetuous, and his haste will sometimes cause him when he has detected the artificial nature of the bait, to strike against it, and become pierced with the hook—to be "hooked foul," as anglers say. Oftener he stops

in time, and refuses to take the bait. This keen sight of the trout, and the distance from which his rush is often made, are one of the first lessons an angler has to learn.

The problem set to the fly-fisher seems at first sight a simple one. It is required of him only so to present his armed fly as to make it acceptable to the trout; and the trout having taken it, so to "strike," and afterwards to "play" the fish, as to bring him to land or to the net. This involves a right choice of rod, of line, and of fly; a right casting of the line, and resolution of whether it should be cast up stream, or down, or across stream; and a right time and manner of "striking."

On nearly all these points there is controversy. Some of the controversial points are radical; such as whether a man should fish up or down stream, whether he should use only three or four kinds of fly, or whether he should endeavour to imitate nature, and use different flies for every week in the year, and almost every day in the week. Other points have been raised by anglers without a sufficiently wide knowledge of trout fishing; for instance, a fisherman on the banks of a rapid river in Scotland will catch fish in a manner which would not move a fin in the sluggish trout rivers of southern England, and *vice versâ*. A controversy between two such persons is absurd. Both

are right, and both are wrong. It is the story of the Shield of Achilles over again. In a deep, slow-flowing stream, where trout are rare, large in size and shy, a man must keep well out of sight, he must use a long rod, and throw a long line. In shallower streams, where the angler can wade, and where the water is broken, a long rod is an encumbrance, a light-falling line is of less importance, and quick and accurate casting fills the creel. So again, where there are weeds, or rushes, or tree-roots, a single fly is best; for the second and third hooks are apt to get entangled while a fish is being played. In rapid streams where trout are small and abundant, three, or even four, flies can sometimes be used with advantage. On all such debatable points a golden mean is the best rule, and the local practice is almost always the safest to follow.

There are, however, two standing controversies which cannot be so easily disposed of. One of them is the question of whether to fish up or down stream. Both cannot be correct, and the question must be reasoned out. It must be admitted that all the best arguments are on the side of fishing up stream; and nowhere are they better stated than in Mr. Stewart's charming little work on fishing. Here is his argument stated by himself:

"The first and greatest advantage in up-stream fishing is that the angler is unseen by the trout. Trout, as is well known, keep their heads up stream; they cannot remain stationary in any other position. This being the case, they see objects above and on both sides of them, but cannot discern anything behind them, so that the angler fishing down will be seen by them twenty yards off; whereas the angler fishing up will be unseen, although he be but a few yards in their rear. The advantages of this it is impossible to over-estimate. No creatures are more easily scared than trout; if they see any object moving on the river's bank they run into deep water, or beneath banks and stones, from which they will not stir for some time. A bird flying across the water or the shadow of a rod will sometimes alarm them, and nothing connected with angling is more certain than this, that if the trout see the angler they will not take his lure. He may ply his minnow in the most captivating manner, may throw his worm with consummate skill, or make his flies light softly as a gossamer—all will be unavailing if he is seen by the trout.

"The next advantage of fishing up we shall notice is the much greater probability of hooking a trout when it rises. In angling down-stream, if a trout rises and the angler strikes, he runs a great risk of pulling the flies straight out of its mouth; whereas in fishing up its back is to him, and he has every chance of bringing the hook into contact with its jaws. This, although it may not seem of great importance to the uninitiated, tells considerably when the contents of the basket come to be examined at

the close of the day's sport; indeed, no angler would believe the difference unless he himself proved it.

"Another advantage of fishing up is that it does not disturb the water so much. Let us suppose the angler is fishing down a fine pool. He, of course, commences at the top, the place where the best trout, and those most inclined to feed, invariably lie. After a few casts he hooks one, which immediately runs down, and by its vagaries, leaping in the air, and plunging in all directions, alarms all its neighbours, and it is ten to one if he gets another rise in that pool. Fishing up saves all this. The angler commences at the foot, and when he hooks a trout pulls it down, and the remaining portions of the pool are undisturbed. This is a matter of great importance, and we have frequently, in small streams, taken a dozen trout out of a pool, from which, had we been fishing down, we could not possibly have got out more than two or three."

All this is unanswerable by any one who really understands the ways of trout. The present writer is rather a practical than a theoretical angler, and what he has learned has been at the river side and by watching the method of practised anglers. He does not much believe in any art whatever being acquirable from books; and yet he admits that the reading of this passage and others in Mr. Stewart's book changed his views. Like most other fly-fishers, he had been a "down-stream angler." After reading Mr.

Stewart he began to fish up-stream. He persevered for two years, and then he abandoned the method and came back to the old plan. In theory, down-stream fishing is indefensible; in practice, more fish may be caught in most water, and may be caught with less labour by fishing down than fishing up. This is the opinion of many—I believe of most—good and successful fly-fishers.

Agreeing in all that Mr. Stewart alleges in favour of "up fishing," the system has these disadvantages: First, the angler so fishing must throw his line much oftener, because the current brings the cast down with far greater rapidity than when the line is cast down stream; secondly, when thrown down stream the line is almost immediately made taut by being caught by the stream. The reverse is, of course, the case when the flies are thrown from below, and this slackening of the line has to be counteracted by the action of the fisherman; it increases his labour, and do what he will he does not always succeed in keeping a continuously taut line. Now, a slack line is the cause of the missing of more fish than anything else. Thirdly, another disadvantage is this, that in a calm, or when the breeze is but faint, there is a light air always moving with the moving water; it reaches only a few inches from the water's surface, and where the water-current

is swift the air-current is quite strong enough too to be felt by the hand. In casting from below, this unsuspected air-current of course adds to the difficulty of throwing a straight and light cast of the flies; while, if the angler is fishing from above, it helps his cast and wafts his flies gently to the surface. In down-stream fishing, in order that the angler may keep out of sight, a longer line is required than in fishing up, and this necessitates a longer rod; but a long line so used is as easy to manage and quite as effective as the shorter one thrown up stream.

So much for the reasons on either side. The less an angler or, indeed, perhaps any man, is of a theorist, the more good work he will do, and it is best to be guided by circumstances in regard to this very matter before us. Some pools and some river stretches can be better fished up than down; it will depend on the "lay" of the banks and the position of the rocks, the trees, or of the sand-banks, as the case may be. It may even be that under certain conditions, such as where the water is exceptionally low and clear, the sun very bright, the trout very wary, it may be well to fish entirely from below. On the whole, I am convinced that a man will do best to make fishing down stream his rule, and fishing up the exception. So much for the latest and most strongly

contested controversy of recent days; the other dispute has this resemblance to it, that the argument is mostly on one side, and successful practice on the other.

It was for a long time contended, and is still often urged, that to catch so sharp-sighted a fish as the trout with the artificial fly it is necessary that the fly should be a more or less exact imitation of some natural insect on the water at the time. It was often noticed that a fly would be "killing" during one month which would not get a rise in the following. One fisherman would whip the water all day long and catch nothing, while another within a few yards of him, using a constant change of flies, would fill his basket. The probable conclusion was that the fly was to be varied day by day and hour by hour, and men went to the river side loaded with huge books of flies, and spent much precious time and as much more precious patience in tying on and untying, and selecting and rejecting dozens of different artificial lures from their voluminous fly-books. There are still such laborious anglers in plenty.

The views of their opponents are that trout are not so particular. They admit that the trout does indeed take the artificial fly for a natural insect, and that the lure should have some general resemblance to an insect in shape and size.

As for colour, while some controversialists insist that it goes almost for nothing in the make up of a killing fly, more observant anglers know by actual experience that trout will sometimes reject a fly of one colour and take one similar in shape and size, but of another colour. This is a fact so well within the knowledge of every angler, that it is difficult to understand how the anti-colour school of anglers disregard it. The argument of the *anti-colourist* is that on a summer day perhaps a dozen different varieties of fly, varying in colour from yellow to black, will often be seen on the water at the same time; the trout feed on them all; how then can it be contended that one colour is more acceptable than another?

The answer is that all colours are probably equally acceptable, but it may very well be that one is more visible than another. Let it be remembered how very different a fly appears to the fisherman who examines it in his hand when it is dry, and to the fish who sees it with the feathers wetted, through the medium of several feet of water more or less rough, and more or less discoloured; so viewed, every fly assumes a draggled appearance, and bright colour must be converted to a somewhat uniform tint. The legitimate assumption is that the trout is less taken with the tint than with the shade of that

tint. *What he sees best he will take most readily.* If the water is very clear and the sky bright, a black fly will of course be more conspicuous than any other; and accordingly a black fly is, under such conditions of water and weather, the best that can be used. I hardly remember to have fished under such circumstances without one black fly; and I cannot recall the time when it did not attract more fish than its neighbours on the cast. On the other hand, if the sky is dark and the water discoloured, a light grey fly would be more readily seen than a darker one, and, as we all know, is then the most attractive.

There is another fact connected with the feeding of trout upon flies, which may lead us to a useful conclusion. When a fly is just coming on the water, one resembling it even slightly in shape, in shade, and in colour, will be greedily taken; but when it has been out for some time, even though the fish are still seen to be feeding on it, they will often reject the imitation and yet take an artificial fly quite unlike. This undoubted fact can be explained in two ways: either that the trout have got more or less sated with the natural insect, or else that a larger experience has made them too critical to be imposed upon by an imitation. Let the cause be what it will, the rule to be founded on it is simple: when the

fish do not take a fly like one on the water, substitute for it another suited to the water and the weather; that is, in dark weather a light fly, and a dark fly in bright weather.

We have agreed that trout take a thing with life and movement in it sooner than that which is inanimate and moved only by the current. Now the most skilful angler cannot imitate the motion of a fly on the surface of the water, the shivering of its transparent wings, the swift ciliary movements of the legs of some species, or the light, gossamer-like rise and fall of the ephemeridæ. Some anglers, indeed, convey a tremulous motion to the flies, and think thereby to imitate nature, others draw the fly through the water, or let it swim with the current with no added motion of their own, and the two practices are equally successful. It is quite possible, however, so to "dress" the fly on the hook as to give it when in moving water a certain life-like movement. The feathers wherewith the insect's legs are somewhat rudely represented, may be. and almost always are, made about twenty times as numerous as in nature, and these being the *hackles*, or neck feathers of various birds, are comparatively flexible, and are moved independently of the hook itself by the current. The more of such movement the better is the lure, and the best flies of

all, by almost universal consent, are those which are, so to say, "all legs," that is which are made without wings at all.

All these various facts, conclusions, and surmises can be reduced, as the learned say, to formulas; and, for myself, the rules I go on are simple: 1. I use hackle flies only. 2. I have them dressed on three sizes of hooks; the smallest to use in small streams and when the water is low, the largest in larger rivers, or when the water is a little coloured by rain. 3. I use five sorts of hackle fly only, and these are all alike in shape and differ only in colour, and each sort is dressed on the aforesaid three different-sized hooks. One is a black hackle fly, and on the whole there is no better fly than this. A second is red, and made from the hackles of a red cock; or, if very small, the wing coverts of the land-rail. The third is a grey hackle, and is made from the bluish grey neck hackle of a certain Welsh breed of fowls, or from the wing feather of a dotterel. A fourth is a lighter shade of the same; and No. 5 is a similar fly made of the hackles of a white hen, and is only useful after sunset. In all these flies I have the bodies made very slight, without "dubbing," and of the same coloured silk as the hackle. The hackle itself should not be bunchy, and should extend from

nearly the end of the shank half-way towards where the bend commences. As the object of a large fly is to attract attention, I have the largest size of each variety dressed with a "whisk;" that is, a tail made of the cut end of the hackle. Mr. Stewart recommends the use of the hackle feathers of such small birds as starlings and thrushes, and they are useful in dressing very small flies; but they are almost too flexible for fishing down stream, and if drawn through the water they draggle, and possess no life-like motion. Moreover, they are soft and weak, and wear out very soon.

So much for mere paraphernalia of fly-fishing —the tools wherewith the art is practised: the practice itself is far more interesting.

The shortcoming of most written directions for trout fishing appears to me to be this—that the authors adapt their descriptions to one particular class of streams, and ignore all other waters. Now, there is infinite variety not in rivers only, but in the same river, according to the fall of its channel, to the width of its banks and their nature, whether rocky or clothed with trees and brush, and more than anything else, to the kind of soil it passes through.

Let us imagine ourselves transported, on some fine day in summer, to the banks of a trout stream

possessing such variety. We will follow it in fancy from the spring on some remote hill-side where it takes its rise, and trickles down among club rushes and the blue water grasses till it reaches the valley, finding its way along, a mere thread, half lost to sight at times beneath the herbage, then stagnating for a space into a little pool that a bucket would empty in a minute, and yet already maintaining its own small world of life in the shape of the floating water-spiders that no fish will feed upon, and the bright little beetles that dance in circles on the surface. Following it a little further, the thread of water grows older, as it were, and, scooping a channel for itself, finds a voice as it runs over the pebbles, and under them we shall find the caddices and water-crickets, which in time turn into the flies that make about the best of trout food. Following on, the rivulet grows larger almost insensibly, then absorbs the waters of another hill-side spring, and after this takes rank as a brook, with tiny fish—loach, or millers' thumbs—hiding under the larger stones. Further on, the young trout, mere specks as yet, may be seen darting about wherever there is a more rapid run of water over gravel. Then comes a long stretch of meadow land, where the brook, alder-margined, has eaten out a deep trough for itself through

the alluvial soil, and flows on slow and ditch-like. Then comes a ridge of stone, over which its waters fall in a tiny cascade, scooping out a pool, broad enough and deep enough for a man to bathe in. In this pool there are trout of fair size, battening on the insect food that has been generated in the still water above, and here the angler may put together his rod and begin to fish.

Having a light, single-handed, eleven foot rod, he will have drawn out the line through its rings, and will carefully affix the customary three yards of fine gut; to the point he will tie a small black fly, for we have supposed the day to be bright and the water low and clear; his second fly, known as a "dropper," will be attached by a single knot at about eighteen inches from the tail fly. Two flies will suffice him in such narrow water as this, and he may exercise his discretion in letting his second fly be a dark grey or a red hackle. Whichever he uses, both weather and water require a small fly. While he is making these preparations, he will be very careful to observe that golden rule in trout fishing—to keep as far as may be from the water-side.

Now with all this preliminary advice, I foresee that my supposititious angler is going to make two grand blunders. First, he will have omitted to wet his line, and in the second place he will have

failed to take his station with the wind at his back. He has of course already given himself some practice in throwing a fly, but his skill will desert him here. Standing at a respectful distance from the pool, he quite judiciously means to throw his fly on a particular eddy at the further side, just where the water looks blackest and deepest, and where a true instinct tells him that the biggest trout in the pool is lying in wait for the flies that ever and anon are floated down from the meadow waters above. He throws the rod point back over his head, he lets the line go out well behind him, he brings the rod forward with a peculiar horse-shoe movement, he slightly checks his hand just as the flies should be alighting on the water—in fact, he goes correctly through the whole performance as laid down in every book on fly-fishing that ever was written; and the result is that line and flies fall in a curiously contorted bunch at the distance of about one yard from the point of the rod; the cause being simply that the three yards on which his flies are tied, being dry, remain in obstinate corkscrew curls, cast his line how he will. The first thing a practised angler does is to wet his line. It gains thereby in weight, and is therefore easier to cast, and it loses its curl and straightens out. Our angler's second mistake has been that he has

cast against the wind. To be sure, a man must learn to cast against the wind, but for a beginner it is difficult, and even for a good angler not easy work.

Now, the angler having repaired his errors, his line being duly wetted and a new position taken up, is about to try another cast. At this juncture, his observant and critical friend begs him to save himself the trouble, for as he very truly observes, every trout in that not over deep or extensive pool has had a perfect view, if not of him, at least of his rod flashing in the sunlight, with its new varnish and brilliant brass rings and ferules. He therefore walks down stream, keeping at a respectful distance from the water. The brook is still but a shallow one, and only here and there is a deep run of water past a hollow bank, or an eddy round a tree stump; and on such spots, by his friend's advice, he endeavours to throw his flies; but such fishing is not for beginners. It is pointed out to him time after time that the flies and no other part of the line must fall on the square foot or two of likely water. If but six inches of the line rest on the swifter and shallower current, it is enough to carry away the flies in an instant.

A mile or two of water is angled over in this unsatisfactory way. There are trout, the angler

is assured, though he has a melancholy conviction to the contrary. In the meantime the brook, flowing through a rich and broad valley, and getting a fresh accession of water at every hundred yards, has grown into a respectable trout stream, with its shingly banks, its rapids and its pools.

The angler arrives at a deep, canal-like rapid, with the water swirling noisily between high sandy banks in which the little river martins have scooped their nests. Standing well away from the water, he throws his flies over the stream, and draws them across and partly lets them float down stream, fishing, by his friend's advice, every yard of the water. At the very first throw, a fish lying under the hollow of the opposite bank is tempted by the fall of the fly above him and rises to it; but the line of an unpractised angler is at this, the most critical moment of the cast, almost always slack; he fails to *tauten* his line as the flies touch the water, consequently the striking—always a slow and clumsy proceeding with a beginner—is unduly delayed. The fish instantaneously drops the hook, and the angler has a practical experience of the quickness necessary in fly-fishing. This is the moment, then, to instil the true principles of "striking." Let them be abridged into the following formula: strike instantaneously, from the wrist only, and let the

movement of the rod be in the direction in which it was already moving; and after striking, let the hand not be checked too suddenly.

In this rapid there are fair-sized trout, and they are on the feed. Three steps further down, a trout of a pound weight leaps vigorously out of the water in the vicinity of the black fly, and with such a splash and such a display of his orange-coloured and rose-spotted flanks, that the angler is scared out of all recollection of the before-mentioned formula just imparted to him, and strikes wildly, but much too late, and generally against all rule; but this time the fish's own impetuosity has fixed the hook firmly in his jaws,—he rushes to the bottom, carrying the line with him, and the fisherman marvels at the strength of so small an animal.

It is interesting and instructive to watch the manœuvres of a quite unaccomplished fisherman with the first good-sized captive of his rod and fly. Let us therefore observe our supposititious angler. He will be guilty of almost every possible departure from the true principle of fish capture. In the first place, he finds that the strength of the fish is such that his pliant rod is bent into a semicircle. In fear of its breaking he yields to the fish and drops the point of the rod. This is his first fault, and a serious one; for the fish,

finding no resistance, makes a sudden rush to the bank, and is brought up short when he gets to the end of the line which has been payed out. The jerk and the strain on the line are heavy, for they are not eased by the elasticity of the rod, and the angler's grasp being upon the rod and line together, no relief is got by its running off the reel. Consequently, unless the fish be hooked with most unusual security, the hold breaks and the fish goes free. But supposing that the trout is still safe, and that the angler foregoes the not uncommon wish of the tyro to drag his first trout out of the water by main force, and so to part company with him at once, he is as likely to draw him up stream as down. This is wrong; for the strain of the line is thereby increased greatly if the stream be strong, and though it is a delusion to suppose, as it commonly is supposed, that the water enters the gills of a trout made to swim down stream, yet to draw a fish down stream is right for the reason just mentioned that makes drawing him up wrong.

Now, let us continue to observe the proceedings of angler and trout. The fish has now been played for some three or four minutes. He gets tired, or seems to be so to the inexperienced angler; he swims on the surface of the water, with only now and then a faint renewal of his

first impetuosity. The angler finds he can guide him, by employing a slight strain upon the line. He draws him shoreward, he gets his landing-net ready. He brings the fish close to him,—forgetting, however, to reel up his line,—he thrusts the net cautiously under the trout, but not cautiously enough, for the iron ring of the net touches and seems to convey a curious electric shock to the hitherto passive fish. All his old strength seems to be restored to him in an instant; he leaps a foot into the air; the angler in his confusion drops the point of his rod, his line is for a moment slackened; the fish makes one of his old rushes, he runs twenty yards down stream, and, when he is brought up again, something suddenly parts—there is no longer a strain on the line. Has the trout rushed again towards the angler, and so himself slackened the line? The angler winds up in hot haste and throws back the rod, and a feeling of blank disappointment comes over him as he draws the flies out of the water and sees that the fish has disappeared.

He has lost that fish entirely by his own bungling. In such easy water as this, without weeds, rock, or tree roots, he had no business to part company with a fish, so firmly hooked. He will know better another time, and his misfortunes—the best masters—will teach him three

golden rules in the playing and landing of trout: first, to keep a taut line even while humouring the fish in his first rush; secondly, to present the butt of the rod to the fish, so that the point is thrown back, and the pliancy of the upper end is constantly opposed to his rapid movements backwards and forwards; thirdly, to wind up line on every occasion,—at every lull of the fish's struggles. These are the important things to remember. As the trout gets tired, he may be guided very gently partly down stream, partly shoreward, and either run upon a shelving sand-bank or, if the banks be steep, brought to where the net can be used. Many a good fish has been lost by too soon a use of the net, the very sight of which is sometimes enough to stimulate a trout to a new series of struggles, and it must be remembered that every second that the fish is on the hook is in his favour, and against the angler.

The moment that the trout is in hand, he should be killed by a light blow on the head from a little round stick of heavy wood, ten or eleven inches in length, which the angler will do well to carry in his pocket. To kill a fish with a chance pebble, as some anglers do, is neither a quick nor an easy process, and to place him in the basket alive is a piece of deliberate cruelty. If the humanity of my angling readers cannot be

successfully appealed to, let them do I as bid them from expediency. *There is many a slip 'twixt the hook and the creel,* and it very often happens that a trout will jump or wriggle out of the hands of the angler and be lost, particularly if he be standing in the water. *The fish should therefore, on every account, be despatched before the hook is taken out of his mouth.*

This is the place to consider whether fly-fishing be a humane pastime, as is commonly urged by those who practise it. I am convinced that it is.

It is a question whether a fish hooked in the mouth suffers any appreciable amount of pain. I firmly believe that he does not; not only because he is a creature of very low organization, and therefore possesses a vascular and nervous system of small sensibility, but from facts that have come to my own knowledge, which directly prove the existence of a degree of insensibility which makes it impossible to believe that pain, in our sense of the word, follows upon the infliction of even serious wounds upon fishes. A friend with whom I was fishing struck a large trout foul. He was using an artificial minnow, and on examining his lure, he found that one of a triangle, formed of three hooks, had been broken off at the bend of the shank. He had cast but once or twice in the

pool, and had had the fish on but for one minute, and the water was therefore undisturbed. He knew that it contained large trout, and following a common custom with him, he took off the minnow, waited five minutes, and then began to fish the pool—a large and deep one under a mill weir, with a worm. At the third or fourth throw, he hooked a large trout, and in a little time brought it to land. It weighed a pound and three-quarters, and was the identical fish that he had struck some seven minutes before; for the bright, polished point of the minnow-hook was firmly imbedded in the outer part of the gill cover, and was still there when my friend showed me the fish at the end of our day's fishing.

A circumstance of the same kind happened to myself. In a Welsh river, where the fish are small, but very numerous, two small ones rose to my flies at the same moment. I struck sharply, too sharply, as it happened, for I lost one of them. I drew the other fish out of the water, and threw it overhead to the bank. It proved to be not a trout, but a parr. On examining the fly-cast, I found that one of the "droppers" had disappeared. Without waiting to replace the fly, I cast again almost immediately with the two remaining flies in the same spot, and again had a rise. Upon handling the fish, also a parr, I found

in his mouth the lost fly with about an inch of the gut on which it had been tied. Now I do not think that in this last case more than one minute had elapsed between the piercing of the fish's lips with a sharp-pointed steel and its again seeking for food. It is, therefore, quite impossible to suppose that such a wound can be productive of what we understand by pain, nor could that which does not for an instant interrupt an animal's appetite have caused anything equivalent to what we understand by a shock to the nervous system.

I am aware that these instances will seem trivial enough to most anglers, whose own experience would, no doubt, furnish them with many as good, or better, evidences. I give them only as cases I can vouch for, and as being in themselves quite satisfactory proofs of my position that fish are insensible, or nearly so, to hurts that would, to warm-blooded animals, be productive of considerable pain. I should be glad to be able to say as much for any other kind of field sport whatever.

We will continue our walk down our imaginary river, laying down, as we go along, such maxims as my experience will allow. Our unsuccessful skirmish with the large trout, a running fight maintained along the whole course of a deep

and most promising rapid, has frightened every other trout in it from any thought of taking a fly for several hours to come. We therefore walk on, and soon find the character of the banks, and of the stream itself, begins to change; for now the water flows through a district growing more and more barren, and in a stream broad enough to look like a real river, but so shallow that a man can cross in the deepest part and the water not reach to his ankles. Here, no fish of respectable size can find shelter; only young fry of fish, trout and others, shoot away in shoals as the angler splashes through the thin sheets of water that cover the sand and gravel; and presently the stream grows narrow again, and hardly moves the stiff reeds and sedges; and looking about us, we see that we have entered a dreary moorland valley with broad flats of rushy pasture lands on either side the stream, and beyond them, bleak hill-sides, whence comes to us the repeated call of lapwings, and overhead we hear from time to time the shrill, monotonous whistle of the curlew. The active little water ousel that has flitted on before us the whole morning, lighting every forty or fifty yards on some stone or rock, has turned back at the edge of the moorland, and passes us with straight and rapid flight on his way back to more congenial haunts up stream. The soil of

the whole valley has been infiltrated with the stagnating waters of the stream, which in time has worked itself an exit, and left what was doubtless once a morass, now a half-drained peat moss, with pools of water here and there, and a precarious foothold among rushes and tufts of tussock grass.

In the deep and ditch-like stream, which flows with a tranquil current, with banks cut deeply into the peaty soil, are plenty of trout; but to catch them with a fly is no easy matter, except where some inequality in the bottom causes a ripple on the water that will serve to conceal the clumsiness of our imitation fly, or where, by chance, the breeze can reach down to the stream and lightly "curl" the surface. In such places, a single fly, delicately thrown, will get a rise, for the fish are generally numerous and hungry in such peaty waters; but it is hardly worth while lingering for the chance of tempting these denizens of the peat streams. In waters that run through such barren soils, insect food is scarce, and the trout, though they may be numerous, are seldom large. They grow old, and they do not grow fat with good living, consequently they are long and lean, and have disproportionately large and ugly heads. Moreover, they acquire something of the umber tint of the

peat water they live in, and, compared with the bright golden-sided fish caught in the well-sunned waters above, they seem to belong to a quite different species.

Then we pick our way quickly through the mile or two of bog, and arrive at where the waters have in the lapse of many centuries scooped a deepening channel into the hard limestone dyke that blocks up the lower end of the valley, and we see at a glance how this same dyke has at one time made a lake of the whole valley; then—as there got to be some egress for the waters—a marsh, and now, with a deepening outlet and less stagnant water, the swampy waste which we have passed through.

Leaving the flat moorland and the slow-moving stream, the stream changes its character in a moment as we descend the now rocky path by its side. Here the waters cast themselves noisily down a series of ledges formed by the limestone rock. They glide swiftly over the smooth stone ledges in transparent gushes and sheets of brown water, such as Müller loved to paint, and they dash into the holes and "pots" they have drilled in the rock, and break into white foam and froth, then glance off again in a hundred jets and runlets, till finally they plunge headlong into the great seething pool below.

Let the angler approach this pool with respect and with circumspection. It looks "eerie" in the shadow of the tall rocks, like a huge caldron fit for some unholy magic rites; but it is rather as the stronghold of sundry trout of noble size and strength that it will now engage our angler's attention.

It is pleasant after a long walk over the sunny moorland to stand near the fall of waters, with their din filling one's ears, and to breathe the cold, water-laden breeze that comes from the cataract. Let such a pool be well considered as a sure haunt of large fish. It is of well-like depth, and the body of water it contains is immense. Huge, angular fragments of rock, broken off by the cataract above, strew the sides of the pool, and, no doubt, line its bottom and make the use of the poacher's net impossible; and the stream, now grown into a river, that issues from this congregation of waters, flows away in a long, sunny reach where the water runs with considerable depth and swiftness over clear shingly pebbles. To this rapid the inhabitants of the pool above come at nightfall to feed on the smaller fish and on water insects; but now they will be found lurking among the water fastnesses of the great pool.

It is well to make due preparations. Let a

fresh casting-line be tied on of "gut" slightly stained a brown colour to suit the still peaty tint of the waters. Let two flies of a somewhat larger size than those hitherto used be put on, and a careful cast be made in the most "likely" spot. Here is a maxim for whom it may concern: *the best trout in a pool is always in the best place.* The strongest fish will invariably lord it over the others, and hold the "coign of vantage" against all comers. Should he be caught, then the next strongest fish will take his place—will succeed to the throne, and become king of the pool. If a man, therefore, have wit enough to guess which is the choicest bit of water, whereabouts is the securest lurking place, and where the most insect food comes floating by, he will know where the very heaviest fish is lying; and it is always good to try for such a fish in a pool first, and before the water has been disturbed.

Now, in the case before us, a single glance tells us where these conditions are fulfilled. A broad belt of water descends vertically a little to one edge of the pool, within a yard of a huge slab of stone half-covered with water. Just where the water falls its turbulence is too great for any living thing to exist, but between the actual downpour and the stone the water ceases to boil and bubble, and where the eddy slackens a little

at one spot, a thin sheet of foam bubbles lies on the surface. Throw exactly upon this frothy scum. Let it be rightly done, and there is not merely a chance of tempting a good fish, but a certainty. The flies rest a moment on the froth; then fall through and disappear.

At this instant, a broad, fan-like tail breaks the surface for a second, and in the next the rod is bent double and the winch is revolving with most satisfactory rapidity. What has happened is this—the monarch of the pool has taken the fly as it sank, he has turned to dive below, and in doing so has discovered his tail above the surface. This has constituted the "rise," which the angler has seen only, for the noise of falling waters has not let him hear the splash. He strikes, a little late, but scarcely too hard for so heavy a fish, and his quarry is now making his first desperate rush into the watery abysses.

What a moment! There are all sorts of difficulties in the way of landing that fish which the innocent inexperience of the angler does not dream of. It is not all "plain sailing" here as it was when we lost that good, but far inferior trout in the morning. Then it was in a canal-like stream, with no rocks for the fish to get behind, or with, perhaps, a knife-like ridge for the line to get cut upon, or, worse than all, the sunken

branch of a tree for it to get entangled with. Here there are all these chances against us, and moreover there is no up and down stream. We know not, among the eddies of the pool, when the fish is going with and when against the stream. If he gets into the turmoil of falling waters, he may be tumbled over and over, and the hook jerked out in the process. The best way with him is the shortest—to trust to the hold of the hook and the strength of the tackle, and give the fish as little liberty as possible. One run he must have, or he will break through everything; but he must be compelled to make even that first violent rush with all possible resistance against him of the pliant rod, and the line must be payed out grudgingly, with the hand held against it, and if it slackens but for a moment the rod must be strained back almost to the breaking point of the top joints. The shorter the line can be kept the better. The fish will dash from one "holt" to another. He must be constrained, if possible, to move towards where the pool tails off to the before mentioned rapid. Baffled in attempts to seek shelter in the recesses of the pool, he runs to this shallower water, and here we catch a glimpse of him for a moment in his impetuous rush six inches below the surface—a huge, broad-finned, four-pound trout, with the red spots that mark

condition glowing through the water and looking as large as fourpenny bits. Here got, he can be allowed more play. We have three hundred yards of stream before us, and we let him run straight down without much interruption for fifty of them. We keep up with him on the bank rather than give him more line. Then he checks his course and darts under a hollow bank; then, feeling the pressure of the line, he "hugs" the bottom and swims round slowly in circles, then tries the top of the water, and fights there for half a minute, splashing the water up, and going very near by his leaps and sudden jerks to set himself free; then he begins to give in, and the angler guides him down stream slowly and gently till the water shoals; and presently, with an occasional skirmish, he lets himself be *slid* on to a sandy bank. The struggle between fish and angler has lasted eight minutes by the watch, not a long battle, considering that the trout is in perfect condition and strength, with small head, and a back curved like the chine of a Berkshire hog.

As we walk on down the river, elated with our victory, we begin to understand how so fine a fish was reared in these waters. This valley, unlike the one above, is composed of deep alluvial meadow-land, and where the soil is rich there insect life always abounds. As we walk by the

moist bank we notice the strong, rank odour of the mints and water-hemlock and cowbane, all plants that love a rich soil, and the water's edge is bordered by the tall flags that will not thrive where the land is poor. The opposite bank is richly wooded, and rises abruptly from the river. Every breeze that blows from these trees carries with it a host of insect food to the river, gnats and small moths and tree-flies of every sort, while the river insects are breeding in countless swarms among the water-plants that line the margin. It is always a rule that where the soil is rich and plant life vigorous, the trout are large; and where the land is poor and vegetation scanty, there the trout are sometimes numerous but always small.

Through this pleasant valley we pass slowly. The river now possesses a goodly volume, increased insensibly by rills trickling down the hill side, and by lazier brooks and ditches on the meadow side. It is, for a mile or two, the perfection of a trout stream, varying at every step in depth—here a bit of still water, there a rippling current—here the waters eddy round a tree-trunk, there they break over a sunken ledge of rock; and at every such inequality the flies may be cast with the certainty of getting a rise at least, for now is "the time of the take."

Now, let it be said, in passing, that there are, in every day, certain periods during which the trout feed ravenously. Why it is that trout, which are not gregarious in their habits, should elect, not exactly to dine together, but to begin dinner at the same moment, is to this day a mystery. It is a circumstance that quite confounds the philosophy of the angler; it often confuses his logical processes, and makes him arrive at quite false conclusions. For instance: a man fishes with a well-recommended assortment of flies all the morning; he gets few or no rises. Finally, in desperation, he puts on a cast of quite new flies of his own choice, perhaps very eccentric ones, and begins again. In the meanwhile, the "time of the take" comes, and the angler not unnaturally ascribes to his choice of flies what is due only to the suddenly awakened appetite of the trout. Should he happen to be an obstinate man (most anglers hold to their opinions with singular pertinacity), he will believe in the efficiency of those particular flies to the last day of his life.

If I am asked to account for the remarkable simultaneity of appetite in the trout, I decline to do so. I am utterly at a loss to say whether it has to do with some change in the weather, some electric condition of air or water, or some

latent tendency to gregariousness in the trout which is not observable in its other habits. One important maxim I lay down in connection with this peculiarity in the trout: it is, that the angler should take every advantage of "the time of the take." He should utilize every one of these precious moments. He should waste no time over recalcitrant fish, draw small trout bodily out of the water, larger ones as quickly as possible through it, and even run a small risk of breaking with them rather than delay. The take will stop as suddenly and as unaccountably as it began; and then the angler can, as leisurely as he desires, admire the scenery, and reserve himself for the next "take." Between whiles, he will indeed catch fish in certain numbers, but the bulk of his capture will always be made at those times when all the trout are on the feed. These periods may occur twice or three times in a day, at intervals of two or three hours; and they may last from half an hour to an hour. It is impossible to say when they will begin or when they will end.

It is fortunate for such an unsophisticated fisherman as we have placed on the banks of our imaginary stream, that he should find himself on so good a "water" at this fortunate period of the day. The trout rise readily to his fly; he misses many, but he hooks some, and these

running from a quarter to half-a-pound—trout of quite respectable size and appearance, which he plays and lands, after his experience with the four-pound fish, with increasing *aplomb*, and with some success. As he walks down this fine stretch of water and finds his basket grow appreciably heavier at every hundred yards, he not unnaturally takes some credit to himself; he overrates his skill, he thinks fly-fishing no such difficult matter. Presently he will change his mind.

The scene shifts again as we walk on; and what at first we knew as a tiny rill on a heathery hillside, then a rivulet, presently a noisy brook, and thereafter a stream, is now a stately, brimming river. The long water-weeds wave with a slow motion in current and under-current. The alder brakes clothe either side of the river, shade its margin, and dip their hanging boughs into the waters.

In these deep river reaches, hiding in the subaqueous weed-growth, and sheltered beneath the shade of the trees, lie the biggest fish in the river. They are also the wariest; as if the comparison of a river to human life was literally true, and as if innocence and simplicity were to be found only where life and river were beginning. So indeed it is, but only for this very prosaic reason: that the bigger, bolder, and hungrier

trout get crowded out of the upper waters, and, when the floods come, adventure themselves boldly with it to wider and better quarters lower down; while their weaklier brethren run timidly under the hollow banks and let the flood water flow by them; proof of which I have seen scores of times in that well-known trout stream, the Monnow; where the freshets, fed by rain storms on the Brecknock hills, are peculiarly strong and sudden. At these times the poachers catch numbers of fish with little labour, using a net fashioned like an ordinary landing net, but square, a yard or so in diameter, and fixed to a long pole. They thrust this implement into the muddy river wherever there is dead water, and the fish are dipped out sometimes by the half-dozen at a time; but these fish are seldom large.

I believe I have said enough of how trout are to be caught in swiftly-flowing water of various kinds; but a good trout-fisher is not one who can fill a large basket in a Scotch or Welsh mountain stream, and whose skill entirely fails him in a sluggish English river; nor is he one who will capture his six or seven brace of the splendid trout that are to be caught in such rivers as the Test or Itchin, and break down in rapid waters which he is not accustomed to. Neither sort of fishing can be said to be more difficult

than the other; but a thoroughly accomplished fisherman is of course one who can take trout in any water which contains them, and in any state of that water short of an actual flood.

I have hitherto dealt with a variety of waters, in all of which the practice of fly-fishing is different. We have now arrived at a part of our river where our hitherto rather successful angler will find that what he has learnt as yet fails to serve him. The overhanging tree-branches give him an infinity of trouble: his flies get entangled in them a dozen times; the surface weeds are nearly as bad; and his flies are soon dragging after them through the water each a little trail of green scum. The stronger weeds that are rooted in the river bed, and which he sees through the depths of clear water undulating like water-snakes, would give him most trouble of all, if by chance he should hook a good fish; but he has no such fortune, and no chance of such fortune, while his casting line and his three flies fall on the still surface with a splash that must be, to every observant trout, only too conspicuously of human origin.

My advice to him is to replace his present casting line by the longest and finest and most transparent in his possession. He must use one fly only, and, as the sky has a little lost its noon-

tide brightness, this one may be a grey hackle, and it should possess a tail or "whisk," as already described, for this appendage will cause the lure to float in a more life-like manner in the stiller water. Then let him throw as lightly and as far from him as he can, choosing likely places of course, and keeping very carefully out of sight. To throw lightly is not, indeed, an art to be learnt in a day; nor is it quite easy to give directions for doing it in print. A steady, deliberate, powerful sweep of the forearm, and a certain checking or poising of the rod at the conclusion of the cast, seem to me, as far as I can put it into words, the principle of light throwing. The fly should descend like a gossamer thread on the water; and sometimes, in very still water, it is well to let it sink an inch or so below the surface.

By good luck—but the chances are much against him till he learns to cast with great precision and great lightness—he may hook a heavy fish, and in such waters the fish run very heavy. If he does, he will need very good fortune or a combined lightness and firmness of hand, and no small presence of mind, to steer it into his landing-net between the Scylla of the half-floating alder boughs and the Charybdis of the strong water weeds.

In these more stagnant portions of the river, the trout are by no means numerous, though they are large. There are two reasons for this:—one being that a trout on a rich feeding-ground soon arrives at a size and strength which enable him to prey in the most unsociable manner upon his fellow trout; the other being that such more stagnant waters are infested by pike and by perch, both predatory fish, and that while these help to keep down the number of growing trout, other fish, such as chub and dace, consume the food supplies of the smaller trout, and thereby reduce their number in a more indirect manner.

As we pursue still further the course of our river, we find its current less and less rapid, the growth of water weeds more dense, and the whole channel is often choked by the accumulations of that American water-plague, the *Anacharis*. The water itself is no longer translucent, for a confervous growth tinges it with an opaque green, and the soil of the now clayey banks muddies the water, even at its very lowest. This is a state of things that the trout do not approve of; but there are plenty of fish which like nothing better, and the waters are thickly populated by roach, barbel and bream, and by all the tribe of "coarse fish."

Here then our day's fly-fishing comes to a

natural end unless the angler cares to walk up stream again, and throw his flies over water which he has already tried. There are three objections to this. First, it is getting late in the afternoon and trout seldom—so my experience at leas, goes—take freely during the two or three hours before sunset; secondly, a heavy, electrical condition of the air, and some suspicious looking clouds rising from the horizon, are signs of a thunderstorm, near at hand or far off, and whether near or far, trout will rarely touch an artificial fly while such a disturbance of the atmosphere is taking place; thirdly, a man may have enough of anything, including fly-fishing. Not one of these three objections, however, tells against our trying the minnow. Thundery weather and a dark sky are in its favour, and a late hour in the afternoon is generally the best time of the day.

After trying every variety of tackle for the real minnow, I have found nothing so good as one that Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, a good and scientific fisherman in all the branches of the art, has invented; and which is known by his name, and is to be bought, I believe, in most of the best fishing-tackle shops. It has these advantages: it is weighted by a piece of lead inside the minnow, it has not too many external hooks to catch in the weeds, and, finally, it "spins" fairly well.

The natural dead minnow is better than the artificial minnow as a lure for trout, and when fish are shy, and the water very clear, the real minnow no doubt obtains many more "runs" than the artificial; but a good artificial minnow has advantages of its own. It saves the troublesome necessity of catching minnows, and the disagreeable one of baiting and constantly rebaiting the tackle with every trout that is taken.

A good artificial minnow is one which is heavy enough to sink rapidly when it reaches the water, which "spins" freely, and which has one triangle of hooks fixed about an inch behind the tail. Many trout bite *short* at the artificial lure, and the trailing hooks often secure such fish. These various conditions are combined in several artificial minnows sold in the shops, and especially in one known as the "Wonder," or some such shopkeeper's name. It is a small minnow, not more than an inch and a quarter, or an inch and a half in length, and is generally painted to represent a real minnow, but the best varieties of it are either gilt all over, or plated. The *gold* is for clear water, the *silver* for water coloured by a flood.

With such a lure, a single-handed fly-rod, a fine "trace" a yard and a half in length, and a line not longer than the rod, and in a river whose

waters are low and clear, and can be commanded from the bank, or still better, waded through, minnow fishing is a difficult and a satisfactory branch of the art of trout fishing. It is not, perhaps, what some admirers of angling are pleased to call so "elegant" a proceeding as fly-fishing, but it is far less mechanical,—it is not so much a matter of rote. The fly-fisher often makes a dozen or so of casts alike; not so the minnow-fisher, with him almost every throw of the minnow differs from its predecessor.

The minnow, natural or artificial, is cast underhand, not overhead as in fly-fishing. The angler must learn to "throw to a hair's breadth." He must let his minnow fall lightly and noiselessly as a flake of snow on the water. He must "spin" his lure as low in the water as is possible without entangling it in the weeds or stones at the bottom. He must draw it across the current wherever he can, down stream if it is unavoidable, but never against the stream. Now, to do all this while one is wading over knee-deep up a strong stream, with a most precarious footing of slippery stones, is no child's play. It is by no means such a leisurely pursuit as fly-fishing from the bank. A man needs to have a quick eye and hand, and great knowledge of the haunts and habits of the trout, to make a good minnow-

fisher of this sort. It is not a kind of minnow-fishing that one often sees. It is not of the old-fashioned sort, which consists in fishing from the bank with a very stiff, cumbrous, two-handed rod, and in throwing a long line. Such a minnow-fisher, as a rule, has little sport, except when the river is full, and the water coloured enough to hide him and his lure from the sight of the fish.

To watch a really good minnow-fisherman, of what I will call the scientific school, at work is very interesting, and far more instructive as to the haunts of the trout and the way of catching them than all I have written or am ever likely to write of the art. An instinct seems to tell him exactly where the largest trout are lying. He passes rapidly through the shallow rapid water without deigning a single cast, pauses for a moment at where two ledges of rock run parallel for a few feet in the centre of the river, and where the water flows like a mill-race in the narrow channel between. He lets his minnow light in the water just above, and he draws it like lightning through the rapid stream. It seems impossible that anything with fins can poise itself in such a rush of water, but he has guessed that the water has scooped a hollow in the side of the narrow trough of rock. He is right. A great three-pound trout flashes out

from his hiding-place, seizes the bait, and in another minute is tumbling and rolling over and over in the shallow stream. The angler walks down stream to the shore, and lands the fish, almost by main force, for in minnow-fishing the hold is good, and the tackle strong, and far less play need be given than in fly-fishing.

In minnow-fishing, quick striking—that high qualification of a fly-fisher—often loses the fish, by jerking the tackle out of his mouth. It is often not necessary to strike at all, for as a rule the tackle is moving rapidly through the water when the fish takes, and this constitutes a strike of itself. In minnow-fishing we often see the shadowy form of the fish shoot through the watery depths towards the lure. Sometimes he stops short, suspecting something not quite natural in its look or its movement, hesitates, perhaps disappears,—perhaps rushes on it again and seizes it. All this adds greatly to the excitement of minnow spinning.

Then, much larger and stronger fish are taken with the minnow than with the fly, for it is within my certain knowledge that many trout, growing old, grow either too dainty to take flies at all, or perhaps too wary to be deceived with artificial ones. Such fish cannot resist the swift dart through the water of the angler's minnow. It is

this chance of catching the monsters of the stream which gives to minnow-fishing its chief fascination; for, as a rule, a basket can be far sooner filled with the fly than with the minnow.

Now we have to pass rapidly up the river whose course we have followed down, in order that we may notice those parts of it which are best suited for the minnow.

Where the water runs deep and still, past alder-margined banks, there are few opportunities to use our present lure; but when we come to where the banks are free of bushes and the water currents swift, and the surface broken into ripples and waves, we can cast with some chance of success; also wherever a brook enters the river, particularly if it enters with a fall. Here it will always create a deepening of the bed, where some tiny whirlpool is formed with the river current. In such places one or two good fish are sure to be found. Wherever, too, a sunken ledge dams the waters above and causes them to swirl and tumble down the natural weir, just below this, as they steady again and before all the foam bubbles have burst, the minnow can be thrown and spun carefully across the river. Or if the whole stream is narrowed by its rocky dykes, and the water-way is deep and the current strong

the heavier trout will be poised in it on the look out for food.

Presently we reach the great rock-girdled pool where we caught the large trout in the morning. It is no longer the gloomy spot that it seemed when it was shadowed from the eastern sun. The evening sun now glints obliquely upon the foaming waterfall, gleams into the depths of the pool, brings out the rich rock-colouring, and creates tiny rainbows in every cloud of spray; but the true angler has little regard for the beauties of nature, and a mill-weir fit for a Constable to paint, or a tree-margined river that old Crome might have delighted in, are delightful to him only because they may harbour a noble trout or pike. I have myself a perfect sympathy with this exclusiveness. If I seem for a moment to dwell upon the aspects of nature from an æsthetic stand-point, it is only that I wish to keep in view the business in hand and to impress upon the reader where to expect and where not to look for this wily and dainty fish. In this same pool he will find him of a certainty accessible to the seduction of the minnow; so also he may pick up a trout or two in the ditch-like peaty stream which lies above the cataract.

In the rocky, upland stream beyond, he will get many a chance at the foot of every rapid,

where the water is deep and the current strong, and wherever hollow bank, tree stump, or rock affords a "holt" for the lurking fish; and he will take his very last trout at the tiny pool where he began to fish in the morning—the last haunt of sizeable fish; beyond which the stream is, we know, but a brooklet, then a rill in a mountain dell, and beyond that a mere thread of water on a heathery hillside.

A man, be his impressionability to nature as dull as can be, does not travel twice or thrice along the banks of such a stream as this—it is, as the reader may guess, no figment of the writer's brain, but a real river, with real water and real trout in it, that he has had to do with—without becoming somehow impenetrated with the *genius loci*.

Fishing often in the same river, a man gets to know, by a sort of instinct, more than any stranger fisherman can discover. The ways and moods of its denizens cease to seem capricious to him; he knows how the wind, the sunshine, the clouds, the thunder or the rain will influence them. Every nook on its banks is familiar to him. Standing once on this very spot, he caught the largest trout ever seen in the river; here he will remember to have rested in the overpowering heat, one day in August; the spray at this water-

fall strikes deliciously cold against his face as he remembers it did when he was a boy; the breeze blew this very scent of hawthorn to him one spring day a dozen years ago. So does the very spirit of the river grow to be, in a way, part of him. He cherishes his memories of it as a man keeps some precious acquisition; and if, in after years, through some fate or some misfortune, he knows that he will never walk on its banks again, he will not the less be glad to recall these pleasant memories, unless, indeed, he be a singularly melancholy person, and a self-tormenting one, whose conceit it feeds to grow lugubrious over the greener spots in his past existence.

LAWN TENNIS.

NEVER since the days when our ancient English sports flourished in their prime, and men of English blood took their pleasure, as it is ever their wish and wont to take it, on their native greensward, in the open light of day—never since these cheerful old times has such a thoroughly enjoyable game as Lawn Tennis been invented for the delight of our countrymen and women. Other games of strength and activity have their special excellences, but none so completely falls in with our national humour as this one. Cricket and racquets are games for men alone; tennis for millionaires only; fives, rounders, and foot-ball for boys; croquet can find favour only with the very mildest young men and ladies; in quoits no one can interest himself; bowls and skittles are understood to require the accompaniment of beer—their alliance has grown into a proverb.

Lawn Tennis, on the other hand, is all that a pastime for men and women should be. It is an out-of-door game; it is pleasant to play at, and pleasant to see played; and there is room in the game for almost any degree of skill and judgment, and strength and activity.

It is little wonder, then, that the new game has found an acceptance in this country which is little short of enthusiastic. Three short years ago, correspondents in the *Field* were somewhat cautiously recommending the game, a twelve-month later it was still more or less on its trial, and now already it is played through the whole length and breadth of England. Those who travelled at all extensively in England by road or rail this past summer, as the present writer did, had ocular evidence enough of the broad acceptance by all Englishmen of this capital game. Everywhere one saw, on the smooth turf of commons, on village greens, in retired meadows, on the lawns of villas and country houses, the "quaint mazes" of the Lawn Tennis court marked out in white lines.

For the last three generations, cricket only, of our out-door pastimes, has had any real and general hold on our insular affections. Like the Ur of the Chaldeans, it had devoured all and every one of those innumerable sports, games, and pas-

times wherewith our forefathers, *teste* old Joseph Strutt, beguiled the long days of summer; and yet cricket, with all its charms, is but half a sport, scientifically conducted as it has been these many years past, with its solemn matches, its professional players, its gate-money, its carefully computed averages at the year's end. It is, as often as not, only an exhibition, a show—the cause, no doubt, of much interest and anxiety to all concerned; but it hardly ranks as a sport, and is, as a rule, anything but exhilarating to nine-tenths of those concerned, either as players or spectators. So the old pleasant merry-making over the friendly jousts of neighbours on village greens and commons were become things of the past, and the gladsome England of old had grown into the sad, lack-life England of to-day.

> "The nine men Morris is filled up with mud,
> And the quaint Mazes in the Wanton Green
> For lack of tread are undistinguishable."

In this melancholy predicament comes this new and sprightly game to enliven us, and from all right-thinking English people it deserves a hearty welcome.

In truth, the game is a noble one—one to make the pulses beat with a healthy vigour, to train hand and foot and eye, to send the life-

blood coursing freely through the languid lungs, and, above all, in this age of over-work and multiplying worries of every sort, to lighten the load of them, and give us, jaded as we are, the best of all kinds of relaxation.

All our social reformers tell us that we are neglecting, as the Greeks were too wise to neglect, that gymnastic culture which should accompany and temper, and even, rightly used, enhance the culture of our minds. And here is offered to us just such a game as a Greek athlete would have delighted in, as a Greek philosopher would have watched approvingly, and a Greek poet loved to describe.

Having mentioned the ancients—writing for so serious a periodical as THE NEW QUARTERLY, it was, of course, incumbent upon me to do so sooner or later—I take this opportunity of stating very positively my opinion that the Greeks and Romans did *not* know any game at all approaching to Lawn Tennis, either played on a lawn, or in an enclosed court. With all their advantages over us, I believe that we have this one over them. No Greek or Roman, I am convinced, ever handled a racquet, ever gave a twisting service, ever enjoyed the pleasure of a successful "cut" stroke, or the still greater triumph of a sharp, back-handed, half-volley return. But I

anticipate. In a capital article upon Lawn Tennis, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* exactly a twelvemonth ago, the Greek origin of the game is implied in the title, "Lusio Pilaris;" and the author, founding himself upon the exhaustive treatises of the German Krause and the Frenchman Burette,* makes out a very ingenious case for the ancients. Again, the Greek word Sphairistiké, which was attempted at first—happily, with perfect want of success, Sphairistiké indeed!—to be foisted upon our intelligence and good taste as the name of the new game, the use of this word, which signifies ball-play, or, more properly, skill in ball-play, was in itself intended to imply that Lawn Tennis and this long Greek word expressed one and the same thing. Now it is my firm conviction that when that Roman Emperor made his famous offer of a great reward for the man who should tell him of a new pleasure, if a well-strung racquet had been placed in his imperial hands, with a neat translation of the Marylebone Rules of Lawn Tennis, my belief is, I say, that the reward would have been secured forthwith.

* "Das Ballspiel (*σφαιριστική*) die gymnastik und agonistik der Hellenen Von Dr. Johann Heinrich Krause." "Mémoire pour servir à l'histoire de la Sphéristique, ou la Paume des Anciens. Par M. Burette."

The games of ball with which solemn Greek and Roman gentlemen beguiled their leisure and fortified their constitutions—Pliny tells us how his aged friend Surinna played regularly at ball, for the express purpose of postponing the stiffness and lethargy of old age—appear, by common consent, to have been of an innocent, and indeed, somewhat childish character. In one variety of the game the ball was "skied"—this slang term of ours is even literally anticipated in its name *οὐρανία*—and caught in its descent by the quickest of the players. Another game seems to have been of a peculiarly simple and artless kind, being evidently nothing else than that kind of play or "larking with the ball," which takes place at any cricket match in the interval between the putting out of one player and the coming in of another to the wicket. It was played, explains the profound Monsieur Burette, by a number of people who threw the ball from one to another; its peculiarity "consisted in the persons who had the ball pretending to throw it to a certain individual, and, while the latter was expecting it, suddenly turning and throwing it to another." This naïve sport was termed by some *φαινίνδρα*, by others *ἐφετίνδα*; but why *φαινίνδρα*, or why *ἐφετίνδα*, the learned have not yet decided. Again, the term *ἀπόρραξις* was bestowed upon a

still more unsophisticated game, and which really hardly seems to have deserved so fine a name. Our English schoolboys call it "bounce-ball," and it consists only in striking the ball to the ground with the flat of the hand, as long as the player can keep it going.

So much for the Greeks. The Roman ball-play seems to have been somewhat more manly in character, and a little more complicated. Three persons, standing triangle-wise towards each other, would throw the *pila*, or small ball, from one to another. This was a favourite Roman pastime. It was good play to catch with the left hand. Representations of this game in wall-paintings are not uncommon, and sometimes the players are drawn with more than one ball a-piece. This refinement would, of course, add to the difficulty of play; but in common, no doubt, with other admirers of the ancients, the present writer would be glad to believe that their Spheristic games, which to them were absorbing sources of occupation and interest, were something more than such childish sports as these which we have described.

The scholarly writer in the *Edinburgh Review* is with me in this wish—indeed, goes further a great deal than I can towards believing what he wishes. It is clear that he is an enthusiastic

and accomplished tennis player, as well as an excellent writer, and he will have it that Greeks and Romans played the game which he loves, or played something very like it. The somewhat obscure lines doubtfully ascribed to Saleius Bassus he reads as an encomium on Piso's skill in half-volleying a shooting ball—of course, with some instrument held in the hand; and if this be the sense of the passage, his case is made out. I venture, however, to say the lines have no such meaning. They are as follows:—

"Nec tibi mobilitas minor est si forte volantem
Aut geminare pilam juvat, aut revocare cadentem,
Et non sperato fugientem reddere gestu."

Geminare, contends the Edinburgh Reviewer, cannot signify any play so slovenly as the hitting of the ball twice over; it must therefore mean to half-volley, *i.e.*, to strike the ball as it touches the ground. I do not believe it. I take *geminare* to have no other sense than to hit the ball twice over—to make a double hit. It is not slovenly play; it is one of the refinements of fielding at cricket to do this very thing. A man cannot reach the ball to hold it, but he can just touch it, and he gives it a pat up into the air, and then catches it. It is reckoned very good fielding indeed. To my mind the reading of the

passage is this—I will put it into very free language, such as a marker of the present day might use towards a modern Piso:—

"Your play, too, is very quick, sir, and you are very good at patting up a ball out of reach and getting hold of it that way, and many a ball have I seen you take that was just on the die, and return it, when the other gentleman made sure you could never touch it again."

This may be an inelegant rendering, but I am convinced it is a correct one of the sense. The idea of Tennis, played with a racquet, is quite excluded in my translation, while the Edinburgh Reviewer concludes, as we have seen, that this Roman game was one played with some such instrument. If so, how comes it that there is no word for a racquet, or for any equivalent of a racquet, in good Latin?

The passage which throws most light on the ball play of the Romans is Seneca's description of the *Lusus Pilæ*, and the reader shall be allowed to exercise his penetration upon and form his own conclusion from the passage in question, of which I will give a translation. The philosopher is discussing the conferring and the receiving of benefits or favours, and dwelling on the tact required in giving as well as taking. "Now," he says, "I will use an illustration from the game

of ball with which our friend and master Chrysippus is quite familiar. If in this game the ball falls to the ground, it is the fault either of the man who has thrown it or of him who should have caught it. The ball can only be kept in motion when the play both of thrower and catcher is equally good; and as the thrower will throw high to a tall man and low to a short one, so it should be when we grant a favour, etc. Now, if we know that our partner is a good player, we send in the ball sharply, for we can make sure it will be *returned as sharply from his hand;* but if our partner is awkward, we toss him the ball quite gently and into his very hand. Just so is it with the granting of favours, etc." It is the word *repercutiet,* clearly implying the sense of striking back, and which meaning I have conveyed in the passage italicised, from which it may be contended that the Romans played a sort of Tennis.

If all my readers were classicists, they should have a great deal more on this interesting point. As they probably are not, I beg at least to quote a passage from a popular author to show how hotly we classic antiquaries can enter into these seemingly trifling discussions on the minutiæ of ancient life. "Everything," says Mr. Shandy, "is big with jest, and has wit in it, and instruc-

tion too, if we could but find it out." It is shortly after enunciating this proposition that, as all my readers will recollect, the scholarly Mr. Shandy, desiring that his child should be clothed without departing from classic precedents, had his famous consultation with Albertus Rubenius upon the clothing of the ancients. Rubenius gave Mr. Shandy, as his son recounts, an infinity of information upon this subject, finally coming to the "*Latus Clavus.*"

"'And what was the Latus Clavus?' said my father.

"'*Rubenius* told him that the point was still litigating among the learned:—That *Egnatius, Sigonius, Bossius Ticinensis, Baysius Budœus, Salmasius, Lipsius, Lazius, Isaac Casaubon,* and *Joseph Scaliger,* all differed from each other, and he from them. That some took it to be the button—some the coat itself—others only the colour of it:—That the great *Baysius,* in his 'Wardrobe of the Ancients,' chap. 12, honestly said, he knew not what it was,—whether a tibula —a stud—a button—a loop—a buckle—or clasps and keepers:—'

"My father lost the horse, but not the saddle —'They are *hooks and eyes,*' said my father—and with hooks and eyes he ordered my breeches to be made."

We too have followed Seneca and Saleius Bassus, and the learned Burette and the scholarly Krause, and the question is, after all, what was the *Lusio Pilaris?* I answer, without a moment's hesitation:—It was *Fives!* *

Lawn Tennis owes its existence to the fact that the gum of a certain tropical tree dries when exposed to the air, and, doing so, becomes elastic. When once the india-rubber ball became a fact, Lawn Tennis became a possibility. This may appear a paradox: I will show it to be none.

From a very early period in the Middle Ages, a certain game of ball had been known, the playing of which consists in this—that two or more persons, armed with bats, battledores, or racquets, bandied a ball from one to the other. It was, no doubt, a mediæval modification of the ancient

* That is, a game in which the ball was, at least occasionally, struck back (*repercutere* can mean nothing but this) by the hand; Fives played by persons standing opposite to each other and without a wall as we now play Fives; exactly as *Pallone* is played to this day in Italy. So played, the *Lusio Pilaris* would be manly enough, would require considerable skill, and would justify all the encomiums upon it of the ancient writers. One fact may be mentioned to show how short we degenerate moderns fall of the earnestness and solemn, uncompromising *thoroughness* of these ancient players at ball. They one and all, the skilful Piso, Chrysippus the professor of philosophy, and the aged Surinna himself—I fear there is little chance of bringing about a reform of our luxurious habits in this direction—they one and all, I say, played the game in a state of complete nudity!

Lusio Pilaris. At some unknown period in the history of the game, a net was stretched between the players, to strike the ball into which constituted a "foul stroke." The game must always have been played on paved ground, or earth trodden hard and flat. Perhaps a threshing-floor served as the first Tennis Court, and it is not unlikely that as the game was one played in the south of Europe, the first ball was a rounded piece of cork wood, which is elastic enough to bound fairly well on hard ground. In more advanced times, however, the ball was composed of a core or centre of rolled linen rag, intermingled with scraps and shreds of leather, and tightly bound outside with a covering of kid.

In the Middle Ages, when men of leisurely lives passed them in castles with walled-in offices, it is obvious that one of the wall-surrounded courtyards would have served well for Tennis. We know, indeed, that this did happen, because the modern Tennis Court still retains the form, and even some of the accidental architectural peculiarities, of one such courtyard in France, in which, probably, the game was played to peculiar advantage. In every modern Tennis Court there has been repeated the covered passage which existed in this original courtyard. On one side of the first court there happened to

be a projecting abutment, and this, too, has become an essential portion of all Tennis Courts to this day. So likewise there was an arcaded passage, which is still retained at one end of our Tennis Courts; and even a little square window, which happened to be at the opposite side, is reproduced wherever a Tennis Court is built; and window, arcade, covered passage, and jutting buttress, all contribute to the making of the game of Tennis. The playing of the game in a yard enclosed on four sides would have its obvious advantages, the boundary lines hitherto drawn on pavement or trodden earth would be replaced by walls, which would keep the balls within bounds, and the game would thus be greatly complicated, for balls striking the end or side walls would fall in new and various curves, and the game would be advancing towards the scientific development which it obtained in the reign of the *Grand Monarque.*

It is hardly necessary to say that Tennis—by common consent the most difficult and scientific of all games of skill—is French in its origin. In all countries where Tennis is now played, in Germany, in Russia, in Spain, and even in Italy, the very language of the game is French. With ourselves, for instance, the arcade mentioned above is known as the *Dedans*, the little window

is the *Grille*, the covered gallery with the sloping roof is the *Pent-house*, from *Pente*, a slope, and the buttress, which was faced, probably, with wood, and sounded hollow when the ball struck it, is known as the *Tambour* or drum. The very terms used in scoring,—*Deuce*, *Chase*, *Advantage*,—are all of French origin, and so, of course are such words as Tennis and Racquet.

It is intelligible that the country which produced Tennis, and where its traditions are oldest and strongest, should likewise produce the best players of the game, just as no people can play cricket as we can, or Base Ball against the Americans. By far the finest player of modern days was the celebrated Monsieur Barre. To see him play was a sudden revelation of the resources and capabilities of Tennis, and perhaps a description of Barre's play, as witnessed by the present writer, may help me to an explanation of a game which has so much in common with Lawn Tennis.

Never shall I forget the exhibition of play made by this gentleman in the Oxford Tennis Court, many years ago. The antagonist of Barre was on this occasion our own well-known and excellent player, Tomkins. Tomkins received large odds from the Frenchman, who was then a man considerably over sixty—a very stout, bald-

headed, good-humoured person, with irrepressible spirits, speaking in deplorable broken English, his huge sides visibly shaking with the hearty laughter wherewith he rewarded his own continuous fire of jest and pleasantry. Now would he laughingly deplore his own unwieldiness, now with a brief assumption of melancholy tell his hearers that he was stricken in years, slow and enfeebled by age, and promising never again to exhibit his venerability in a Tennis Court, would make a stroke whereat we undergraduates, crowded in the *dedans* and galleries, would shout out our admiration and delight. Tomkins, a reserved, modest young man, albeit an admirable player, in the prime of life, and with the strength and activity of a young athlete, could no more stand against the old man with racquet than with tongue.

Barre's strength and delicacy of touch were alike marvellous. At times would the ball fly straight and strong as a rifle bullet with the sweep of his powerful fore-arm; at others it would pass with slow and wavering flight, and rise as if instinct with life, to avoid the net, and, preserving the rotation given it by the master's hand, fall like a lump of lead in the corner of the court. An Oxford friend reminds me, in proof of M. Barre's extraordinary strength and com-

mand of the ball, that it was a current report in the University in our days that Barre could strike a racquet ball in the open air the extraordinary distance of a quarter of a mile; but there were qualities in his play more important than merely physical ones. There was not only a perfect unison of hand and eye,—that is not so very rare,—but there was the application to his play of mental qualities of a high order. It is supposed that billiards exercise the mathematical faculties of a player pretty severely, but what comparison can the "sides," curves, angles and twists of billiard balls afford with those of the Tennis ball? In billiards the calculations can be made at leisure—the player may think over each stroke for five minutes, if he please; in Tennis he has to make his combinations and take action in the merest fraction of a second. In billiards the balls roll in one plane, in Tennis they move through a cubic space, bounded by the floor, roof, and walls of the court. There is room, then, not for judgment only, but for quick and cool decision, for presence of mind, and for that which in human life is after all the rarest and most valuable of faculties—that, namely, of entering into the mind of our fellow-men and anticipating their judgments and actions. Of all this there was evidence in Barre's play. I have watched

him play against many different opponents, and never has he failed to adapt his play to that of his antagonist. He always gave odds to the best players, both in France and England, and as he was a very good-natured man, he often bungled a stroke to encourage an adversary, and even sometimes condescended to lose a game; but *he was never known to lose the "set."*

Lawn Tennis is not exactly the offspring or descendant of Tennis, as is generally asserted, but, as will have appeared from my sketch of its history, it is Tennis reverting to its earlier and simpler conditions. It is Tennis without the complications caused by end and side walls, penthouse and dedans, and, above all, it is Tennis without the system of *Chases*, which distinguishes that game from all others.

The simplicity of the game is one of its chief attractions and recommendations, and, therefore, I do not agree with those admirers of Lawn Tennis who carry their admiration almost to the point of pedantry, and would erect side and end walls on the turf, and even introduce into the game the system of Tennis scoring and of *Chases*.*

* It has been said that the mystery of *Chases* at Tennis is not to be explained to the uninitiated. A moment's attention should, I think, make it clear to any one. A *Chase* may be defined thus:—A player in some circumstances of the game,

Now we come back to the seeming paradox with which I started. To make Lawn Tennis possible it was necessary to have a ball which should bound sufficiently high on turf. A common Tennis ball falling on turf will rise no more than a lump of wet clay. Even a cork ball will leave the level grass plat but an inch or two. A hollow india-rubber ball bounds on grass rather more than a Tennis ball does on pavement; covered with flannel it behaves with such an exact propriety of elasticity as to make it simply perfect for its purpose. It was the happy conjunction, therefore, of the india-rubber ball and of the ingenious Captain Wingfield which resulted in the game known as Lawn Tennis.*

---

instead of returning a ball elects to let it be. The spot where it touches the ground the second time is noted by the marker, and is known as a *chase*, and the player on changing courts endeavours in his turn so to strike the ball as that its second bound shall fall farther from the net than this marked spot. If he does this, he wins the *chase* and scores,—if he fails, his opponent scores. Of course, if the player's stroke seems likely to win the *Chase*, the playee will do his best to return it over the net, and the player then tries again and again. It is obvious how much opportunity this must afford for the rapid judging of space, distance, and time.

* No attempt to deprive Captain Wingfield of the credit of having introduced this capital game to his countrymen has succeeded. The merit is all his own; nevertheless, there is no doubt that something very like Lawn Tennis was played many years ago in certain private houses in this country. A friend tells me that some twenty years since a sort of outdoor Tennis

Lawn Tennis players will remember how when the game was first played in this country, no little anarchy prevailed as to the markings of the court, the rules of the game, and even the sort of balls and racquets to be used. A dozen schemes of play were proposed and fought over by eager correspondents in the columns of the *Field*, and endless discussion arose whenever players got together who were not accustomed to play on the same kind of court and with the same rules; and it was not till the end of last May that something like uniformity was introduced by the publication of the Marylebone Club Rules. With that proper respect for law and order which distinguishes our people, we at once gave in our adhesion to the new code of this central authority, and the Marylebone Rules are obeyed at this moment in ninety-nine courts out of a hundred. Nevertheless, I suppose no intelligent person but knows that these new regulations

---

was regularly played on a court marked out by lines on the broad and level lawns of his father's house. A net was stretched, and the balls used were of india-rubber. At this house, in a Scotch border county, Captain Wingfield was, so I understand, either a visitor and saw the game thus played, or heard of it through a friend by whom it had been played. This fact explains, but does not in the least detract from Captain Wingfield's achievement in publishing and popularizing the game.

are imperfect. We obey them, but we must criticise. They can be modified to the great advantage of the game, and as the Marylebone Committee are an intelligent body of men, the rules will probably be re-cast in the course of the coming spring.

It is rumoured that the Committee of Prince's Club intend to put forth a new Code of Rules of Lawn Tennis. I trust they will do nothing of the kind. If their rules are at all generally adopted, there will be a most undesirable division of authority, and all the old confusion. To be sure, the game, as played at this excellent club, is on the whole a good one, but Prince's is not yet in a condition to lay down the law. The Marylebone Cricket Club are. To give all possible publicity to the Marylebone Club Regulations, and also for facility of reference, I quote them in a foot-note.*

* LAWS OF LAWN TENNIS.—REVISED BY THE M.C.C.

THE COURT AND TERMS USED IN THE GAME.

1. The court shall be divided into two equal parts by a net attached to two posts, 7 ft. in height, 24 ft. apart. The height of the net at the posts shall be 5 ft., at the centre 4 ft. At a distance of 39 ft. from the net, lines 30 ft. in length shall be marked out parallel to it, called base lines, and also lines from the post to the extremities of these lines. The court shall be

Whatever shortcomings these Marylebone Rules may possess, they introduce one amend-

---

also divided lengthways by a line called the central line into two equal parts, which shall be called right and left courts; and lines shall be marked out parallel to the net at a distance of 26 ft. from it, which shall be called service lines.

2. The players shall occupy the courts on each side of the net. He who serves—*i.e.*, delivers the first stroke—is said to be "Hand-in," and alone is able to score; if he loses a stroke he shall become "Hand-out," and his adversary shall become "Hand-in," and serve.

3. The ball shall be served by the Hand-in, who shall stand so that one foot shall be without the base line of the court. He shall serve from the right and left courts alternately, so that the ball shall drop between the net and the service line of the court diagonally opposed to that from which it was delivered.

4. It shall be a fault if the service shall drop in the wrong court or beyond the service line. If the Hand-in serves a fault, he shall serve again from the same court. If the Hand-out shall take or attempt to take a fault, the service shall be treated as good.

5. The service shall not be volleyed by the Hand-out; *i.e.*, taken before it shall have touched the ground.

6. To return a ball is to play it back over the net before it has touched the ground a second time.

7. The balls shall be hollow, made of india-rubber; they shall be $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. in diameter, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. in weight. Balls covered with white cloth shall be used in fine weather.

N.B.—The dimensions of the court are given as they exist at Lord's, but are not laid down arbitrarily. They will be found generally suitable for single matches. The dimensions of the court may be altered to suit the capacity of the players or the state of the ground, provided that the distance from the net to the service line shall be proportionately lengthened or reduced.

ment into the game which is almost a stroke of genius. In the game as it was first played,

---

THE GAME.

8. At the beginning of the first game the players shall toss for choice of courts and the right to serve. In subsequent games the winner of the last game shall serve, but courts shall be changed at the end of every game.

9. The Hand-in shall not serve until the Hand-out shall be prepared; but if the Hand-out takes or attempts to return the service, it shall be treated as good.

10. The Hand-in shall win a stroke and score one point, if the Hand-out fails to return the service or any subsequent stroke; or strikes the ball in play, so that it shall drop out of the court; or volleys the service.

11. The Hand-in shall be Hand-out if he fails to serve the ball over the net; or if he serves it so that it shall drop out of the court; [or] if he makes two successive faults; or if he fails to return the ball in play, so that it shall drop in the court.

12. Either player shall lose a stroke if the ball in play shall touch his hand, or any other part of his person, or his clothes, or if he shall strike the ball more than once.

13. Lawn Tennis is played by the game. The player who first scores 15 aces shall win the game.

14. But if both parties reach 14, the score is called "Deuce." Another point, called "Vantage," is then introduced, and a player, in order to score game, must win two points in succession, viz., vantage and game; otherwise, though he may have one vantage, if he should lose the next stroke the score returns to deuce.

15. A ball which drops on any line shall be considered to have dropped into the court marked by that line.

16. It is a good service to return, although the ball touch the net or either of the posts.

the service was from the base line into the furthest court diagonally opposite. Under this *régime* a fast service just over the net was ex-

---

Double Matches.

17. The above rules shall also apply to the four-handed game, with the following additions.

18. At the commencement of the game, one partner only of the side that is Hand-in shall serve; when he or his partner shall have lost a stroke, the other side shall be Hand-in.

20. During the remainder of the game, when the Hand-in who first serves shall have been put out, his partner shall serve, so that before the side is Hand-out both partners shall have been put out.

19. The Hand-in shall deliver the service in accordance with Rules 3, 4, and 5, and his adversaries shall return the service alternately; but in subsequent strokes the partners may occupy any position in the court they may find advisable.

21. If the service be delivered in the wrong court, it may be taken by either adversary.

N.B.—If one player plays against two adversaries, he will be Hand-in twice, except at the commencement of the game.

Handicaps.

22. Half Court.—The giver of odds may elect into which half court he will play. He will lose the stroke if he play the ball so that it fail to drop into that half court.

23. A cord may be stretched between the posts at a height of 7 ft., or any other height agreed upon, and the giver of odds shall play every ball over the cord, or lose a stroke.

24. A player may give his adversary points.

25. A player may concede to his adversary the privilege of being Hand-in two or more times.

Lord's, May 24, 1875

tremely difficult to return. Players soon discovered this, and a man with the trick of a swift and certain service could generally win a game of a much better player than himself. Such services began to be practised to the exclusion of other play. The service threatened to swamp the rest of the game. Its severity was getting to be such, that ladies could hardly play the game, and this in itself was a most serious hurt to its popularity.

All sorts of suggestions were made to reform this growing abuse. Some writers proposed a service line higher than the net; some that the ball should bound twice in the service court. Clause 3 of the new Regulations effectually abated the abuse by directing the service to be made into the court nearest the net, and not to be returnable by a volley. From the moment of the acceptance of this rule, a fresh and better era in the game set in. New and cunning methods of service were indeed invented and introduced, but the general power of return could now keep pace with or exceed the service, and the former tyranny of the service was abolished.

If this was a reform, two signal blots in the original regulations were not hit in the new code. I have asked serious and thoughtful persons—men quite ready *stare super antiquas vias*

and, if need be, to defend them against all comers —I have asked these grave and conservative persons to explain to me why, in the first place, the Lawn Tennis Court should be hour-glass shape, and not an oblong square; and, secondly, why the scoring should be on a principle so entirely arbitrary and illogical. No answer is forthcoming to either question, nor ever will forthcome. The thing is inscrutable. That the "in"-side only should score runs in cricket, is reasonable enough. The "in"-side defends the wicket; the "out"-side attacks it: the "in"-side makes runs; the "out"-side tries to stop them. It is the principle of the game. Was it that a mistaken sense of analogy, working in some feeble brain (clearly not Captain Wingfield's), transferred this incident of cricket to a game so utterly different as Lawn Tennis? "It may be wrong in principle"—I once heard it argued—"but anyhow it works equally hardly for both sides." The answer to which is of course that it introduces into the game an element of uncertainty; also that it defeats the one object of all systems of scoring in all games whatever; that is, that the side which makes most good strokes should win, the side mots blunders lose. If scoring is established on proper principles, and every success or misfor-

tune is to find due record in the score, then, of course, if it be desired to make the duration of the games the same, the number of aces or points must be higher—twenty or twenty-five instead of fifteen. There cannot be the smallest objection to this.

As to the hour-glass shape of the court, it is difficult even to guess at the workings of the mind that hit upon this device. As opposed to the square court with the net, as in Tennis, stretched across the middle like the cross stroke in a capital H, there are two obvious defects that must have occurred to every one: first, that the cutting off of two triangular pieces from the sides of the court is a useless sacrifice of space where often there is little to spare; secondly, that this shape is more troublesome to mark out than a square, and in practice is seldom quite accurately marked out.

There is, however, a far stronger objection than this to the hour-glass shape. Before stating it, I will lay down a general proposition, to which I think every one who knows anything of tennis and racquets (I am myself a player and lover of both games) will heartily subscribe. My proposition is this:—The less the play at Lawn Tennis assimilates to Racquet play, and the more it is like Tennis play, the better and more scien-

tific and more interesting the game will be. That is, the more the balls are "cut," and twisted, and struck back-handed the better; the more they are *racqueted* about, and the more volleyed, *i.e.*, struck full pitch, the worse. It is not necessary to argue on this matter, for the proposition will be generally admitted, nor to explain it, for its reason lies in the two *net games* being identical in principle, the racquets identical, and the balls, as nearly as they can be made, identical.

Now, the hour-glass shape of the court is the only possible shape conceivable by the perverse ingenuity of man which could aggravate the propensity of a naturally bad player to play a racquety game of Lawn Tennis. Why? Because if the court is narrowed in the middle it is open to either of the partners in a double game to station himself near the net and volley, or try to volley, every ball that passes. A volley is a very pretty stroke and often a useful one both in Tennis and Lawn Tennis, but to volley in season and out spoils either game. A volley either, by a winning stroke, cuts short the *wrest* or struggle between the players, and is on that account to be discouraged; or, what is commoner, it is missed or sends the ball out of court, and ends the *wrest* that way; or again, it yields so easily

returnable a ball that the *wrest* is terminated by the stroke which follows. In any of these three ways it spoils sport. Moreover, to volley is not a winning game. An irrepressible volleyer will almost always lose the game for his side against equal play on the other, and for this reason, that in a volleyed ball there is no possibility of *twist*, or *break*, or *cut*, and such a ball bounds so innocently from the ground, and so high in the air, that a fair player can do with it just what he likes.

The tendency to volley in double games is further increased by a circumstance for which the Marylebone Rules are not responsible. By Rule 1, the size of the court for single games is fixed at twenty-six yards from base line to base line. It is implied in the Regulations that for double games the size of the court may be increased, but in practice this is hardly ever done. The nets sold for the game are eight yards in length to suit the single courts, and to increase the whole court in size it would be necessary, of course, to lengthen the net. This small difficulty is the cause of double games being almost invariably played in courts intended for single games. Now, to set four fairly active men—not absolute "muffs"—to play in such a restricted court results in a somewhat ludicrous spectacle.

The play is cramped, there is no room for the players to move freely, and the game usually degenerates into a mere volleying match—a sort of rather lively battledore and shuttlecock—between one player on each side, standing close to the net for the purpose.

One remedy for, or rather, alleviation of this state of things is to lower the net some six inches. This improves the game manifestly, but to play over a low net is only possible to good and active players; it discourages ladies and beginners. The true remedy is to lengthen the net, to keep it to its established height, to enlarge the court to thirty-two or thirty-four yards from base line to base line, with other measurements in proportion, and to make it, of course, an oblong square.

I have now gone into the origin and history of Lawn Tennis, criticised the existing regulations, and suggested such reforms as I consider absolutely essential. It remains only to say something of the practice of the game, and of the theory of "cut," "twist," and "break," all of which are still mysteries to uninformed players.

The man who strikes a ball with a racquet for the first time is amazed at the force which he has imparted to it. The ball flies high and far, and the player concludes that the first thing to learn

is to hit the ball so gently as to keep it within the boundaries of the court. Herein he is wrong: he will have to use all his strength in his strokes, and he must encounter on the road to becoming a player the paradox that the ball must, as a rule, be hit hard that it may travel the slower. In other words, the force is to be so applied as to tell not on the onward flight of the ball, but on its spin. It must be so struck that the crossed strings of catgut on the racquet shall impart a rotatory movement whereby the flight of the ball through the air is not only altered, but when it touches the ground its behaviour is quite different from that of the ball impelled by the naïve stroke of a beginner. A well "cut" ball, instead of rising at an angle nearly the same as that at which it touched the ground, *shoots*, as cricketers say; that is, makes its bound swiftly and near to the ground. On the other hand, if a "twist" has been given, it will turn to the right or the left after its impact on the ground. Be it observed that a "cut" differs only from a "twist" in this, that it is a "twist" when the racquet strikes the ball slantingly either on its right or its left side (right or left of the striker), and a "cut" when the racquet is cut or chopped down upon the ball, and a backward spin given thereby—just such a

spin as a man gives in cleaning a carriage-wheel, when he makes it turn backwards on the axle.

It is usual to call the twist which the ball acquires by a stroke on the player's left side of the ball a "break," and that which it gets by being struck back-handed a twist. A ball with a break on it bounds to the striker's right; one with a twist to his left. Nor is this all. On whichever side the racquet strikes it, the ball has a tendency to take, in its flight through the air, a very puzzling curve towards the opposite side, for this reason that the ball's resistance to the air being greatest on the side towards which it is revolving, and least on the other, it tends towards that side on which the air resistance is least. It is obviously of the first importance to be able to judge how a ball will behave from the way in which it is struck, and nothing is more amusing than to see how an inexperienced player, accustomed to take a "break" service given by a right-sided stroke of the server, is disappointed when the server changes his tactics and serves back-handed and with a twist administered on his left side. The tyro prepares as usual to step a yard or two to his left, and to his utter amazement the ball goes off at an incomprehensible angle in the opposite direction, and, of course, quite out of his reach.

Of all strokes the "cut" is at once the most difficult and the most telling : the most difficult to the striker because it must pass within a foot or so of the top of the net to fall within bounds, whereas a "twist" or "break" is usually none the worse for being considerably higher; the most telling because, while a twisting ball may bound fairly high and slowly, a heavily cut one rises but a few inches and moves very swiftly out of reach. A good player may often, as the markers phrase it, "punish" a twisting ball very severely, but can seldom do more than simply return a cut ball over the net again, and give the first player another chance of sending a difficult ball.

A cut ball has this other advantage over a twisting one, that it is hardly visible to the man who has to return it till it has cleared the net, for the ball is, or should be, aimed point-blank at the net itself, and would strike it, only that the spin it has acquired tends to make it mount slightly upwards, having done which, its flight takes the form of what mathematicians call an "abnormal parabola," and it falls again somewhat suddenly. The reason of this is of course due to the same air-resistance which modifies the flight of the twisted ball. It is this peculiar parabola taken by cut balls which puzzles curious

spectators more than anything in Tennis play. A ball seems to them to be directed full at the net; suddenly, by a seeming miracle, the ball lifts itself, as if it were a live thing, over the net, and drops "dead" on the other side.

I will end this paper by some practical hints to Lawn Tennis players, premising that what I shall say will be no news at all to good players, and is intended only for occasional players and beginners, and to make the game more intelligible and interesting to the large class of lookers-on.

It has been said that it takes twenty years to make a fair Tennis player. Lawn Tennis is easier by far, but it is still virtually but three or four years old, and there has been no time for any one to acquire any very superlative degree of skill. The best players are as yet but learners, and there are no passed masters in the game. This fact will, I trust, mitigate the severity of the judgment which I foresee all experienced players will pass on the following modest remarks.

In Lawn Tennis the service is still the most important stroke in the game. There are about six distinct kinds of good service balls, and a player with any pretensions whatever should be able to serve in at least three different ways.

The commonest kind is the "break" service already described and explained; the ball, being struck on the player's right side, rises somewhat high over the net. It is a service which is easily returned, if the player is not too hurried. A more difficult and not so common a service-ball is given when the player throws up the ball on his left side and strikes it with the back of his racquet drawn slantingly across his body. The turn of the ball in the air is very perceptible in this last kind of service.

Very useful and very telling variations of these two services are made by letting the ball almost touch the ground before the racquet strikes it. The twist or the break, as the case may be, is increased considerably. A friend of mine, and a very fine player, has studied this kind of service, and puts the whole swing of his body into his stroke with such formidable contortions and such aggravation of twist as are enough to frighten timid antagonists quite out of their play. Quite another service is practised by other players who, holding the racquet firmly and rather short, chop sharply at the ball, as a man at cricket cuts a ball from his off-stump. In this service the ball gets a heavy cut upon it, and flies straight and swiftly just over the net. No service looks so well or is so effective, but the ball is very apt to stick in the net.

Another quite different service is, perhaps, the best of any and also the rarest. It requires a tall player. The ball is thrown high, and the player, with his arm outstretched to its fullest, strikes it with as much force and cut as he can put on at the very highest point he can reach to. The player stands at the outer angle of his own court and aims point-blank at the angle of his adversary's court which is furthest from him. The unusual angle at which the ball is struck, its swiftness, and its direction across the court, make this a most difficult service to return. These are all the services I have seen used. It need hardly be observed that the server will so twist his ball, and so place it as to compel his adversary to return it back-handed, if he is not good at back-handed play, which few players are.

As to the returning of balls, it is not easy to convey any instruction that shall not seem too elementary. The commonest error made by beginners is to let the ball bound full towards them instead of stepping to one side of it or another. It is also common to strike too hurriedly. I have often improved the play of beginners five or six points in a game by simply advising them to delay their stroke till the ball, after bounding, had begun to drop again. This, of course, only

applies to unformed players. As a man travels slowly on towards perfection in the game, he will take the ball sooner and sooner in its bound, to give the least possible time for his adversary to calculate where it is coming. As to the cutting and twisting of balls, a tyro may of course please himself in a single game; but when he has a partner, he should not venture on these refinements till he can make fairly certain of achieving them, and of not spoiling the game for his three companions by ineffectual attempts to "punish" the balls. In cutting or twisting, the racquet is held and moved sideways, and only a very small portion of its surface is presented to the ball. It is, therefore, as if the player used a racquet having only a square inch or two of network.

In real Tennis, half-volleying, *i.e.*, the striking of the ball almost simultaneously with its impact on the ground, is more common and more useful than in Lawn Tennis. In the more scientific game, the half-volley is resorted to when it is foreseen that the ball is going to behave in an untakable way, to fall dead against a wall, or to lose itself in the corner of the court. In Lawn Tennis there are no such possibilities, and the half-volley is not used by prudent players if the ball can be reached in any other way. A half-

volleyed ball is not susceptible of cut or twist, therefore it is good play to send balls which can only be half-volleyed in return.

This leads me to my concluding piece of advice. No player can be called a good one till he is able not only to return the ball safely over the net, but to direct it to any particular part of the opposite court. It is a very telling stroke at Lawn Tennis to take a deliberate shot at one's opponent. It is amusing to see how most men are flurried and thrown off their play by the occasional full and forcible impact upon their bodies of a swift and well-aimed ball. The balls used in the game are soft, and the act is, therefore, not a very cold-blooded one. Be it right or wrong, from a humane point of view, to use one's unoffending opponent as a target, I make a point myself of practising this stroke on all occasions. If the opposite player be very active, or very slight, or very short, and present no sufficient mark, the stroke is indeed often thrown away; but when the opponent is a slow or a portly and, as it were, a *targetable* person, a good aim is generally rewarded by an ace gained. No one but the immediate object of the stroke can have reason to complain, and an ingenious casuist might easily find grounds for a defence of the practice:—Players, he might urge, should not

think entirely of their own gratification. These, so to speak, *personal* strokes cannot but afford some human interest and amusement to the most languid of spectators. These spectators are, for the most part, ladies, and in days gone by we know that it was chiefly to please them that tournaments were held. Here, no bones need be broken, no bruises even caused, and yet something of a gladiatorial flavour imparted to the game, which cannot fail greatly to enhance its popularity.

THE END.

IMPORTANT SERIES OF NEW AND POPULAR BOOKS.

Price One Shilling per Volume,

THE

COUNTRY HOUSE LIBRARY

OF

Fiction, Travel, Essay, Biography, etc.,

BY THE FIRST AUTHORS OF THE DAY.

COPYRIGHT EDITIONS.

No. 1.—*One vol. 8vo, price* 1s.

THE MAD WILLOUGHBYS, and other Tales.

BY MRS. LYNN LINTON,

Author of "Joshua Davidson," "Patricia Kemball," etc.

No. 2.—*One vol. crown 8vo, price* 1s.

FALSE BEASTS AND TRUE.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

No. 3.—*One vol. crown 8vo, price* 1s.

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

(Second and Popular Edition.) A Novel.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

Author of "Out of Court," etc.

No. 4.—*One vol. crown 8vo, price* 1s.

COUNTRY HOUSE ESSAYS.

BY JOHN LATOUCHE,

Author of "Travels in Portugal," etc.

No. 5.—*One vol., crown 8vo, price* 1s.

NO SIGN, and other Tales.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

Author of "The Blossoming of an Aloe," etc.

Other New and Popular Works, Novels, Travels, etc., will follow the above Volumes in rapid succession.

NOW READY.—SECOND EDITION.

TRAVELS IN PORTUGAL.

BY

JOHN LATOUCHE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY THE RIGHT HON. T. SOTHERON ESTCOURT.

1 vol. demy 8vo, price 10s. 6d.

From the ATHENÆUM.—"We advise readers to take to this book with the assurance that they will find a great deal of good material in it, a sound, healthy way of thinking, and absolutely no 'goody' cant, that pest of current books of Travel."

From the TIMES.—"An enterprising tourist desirous to venture upon comparatively untrodden ground for a late autumn or an early spring trip, may go further than Portugal and fare worse; and, if he directs his steps to that country, he can hardly hope for a more genial and entertaining fellow-traveller than Mr. John Latouche..... Mr. Latouche was enabled to see much and to judge correctly; and, as a description of the people, their manners and habits, his book cannot fail to be read with lively interest throughout."

From the SPECTATOR.—"Mr. Latouche's Travels are delightfully written.....An unusually observant and kindly traveller, he picks up odds and ends of character, and an ample repertoire of good stories, which he mixes judiciously with the serious and extensive information his work conveys respecting Portugal past and present, its government, politics, natural features, commerce, and national characteristics.....His book is as fair as it is pleasant, as full of information as it is sparkling with humour, and we think that the majority of his readers will acknowledge that its perusal has taught them not only a great deal that they had not hitherto known about Portugal, but much more than they would have been induced to learn through any less entertaining medium."

From the PALL MALL GAZETTE.—"Mr. Latouche has produced a singularly interesting and readable book.....It is obviously the work not only of a scholar and historian, but of a very acute observer of men and manners, who, having seen the cities, and come to know the mind of many people, has acquired that width and justness of view, that definiteness of conception of a race and its tendencies which is the last accomplishment of the philosophical traveller.....Without far longer extracts than our space permits, justice could not be done to the easy grace of Mr. Latouche's discussions of things in Portugal, nor an idea given of their range.....A pleasanter book we have rarely met with, nor one which is more conspicuously the outcome of an acute and hightly cultivated mind."

LONDON: WARD, LOCK, & TYLER, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

LONDON,
Warwick House, Paternoster Row.

New Books and New Editions

PUBLISHED BY

WARD, LOCK, & TYLER.

FOR FAMILY READING AND REFERENCE.

Second Edition, price One Guinea, cloth gilt, and gilt edges (or in Two Volumes, 25*s*.).

BEETON'S GREAT BOOK OF POETRY. From Cædmon and King Alfred's Boethius to Browning and Tennyson. Containing nearly Two Thousand of the Best Pieces in the English Language. With Sketches of the History of the Poetry of our Country, and Biographical Notices of the Poets. Presenting a Collection of Poems never before gathered together within the limit of a Single Volume.

Four Hundred English Poets are represented in this Volume. A separate Collection of American Poems, with Biographies, is added to these. Thus, in one book, a view of the Growth and Changes of the English Language, as seen in its Highest Developments, is possible. Not less than a Thousand Volumes have been examined in order to form a selection worthy to receive respect and regard from all Lovers of the Divine Art of Poesy.

Second and Enlarged Edition now Ready, elegantly bound, gilt edges, Chromic Title and Frontispiece, 7*s*. 6*d*.

BEETON'S BOOK OF NEEDLEWORK. Consisting of Instructions, Illustrations, and Designs by English, German, and French Artists, Engraved in London, Berlin, Paris, and Brussels. Every Stitch Described and Engraved with the utmost Accuracy, and the Quantity of Material requisite for each Pattern stated.

Comprising:

TATTING PATTERNS.
EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.
CROCHET PATTERNS.
KNITTING AND NETTING PATTERNS.
MONOGRAM AND INITIAL PATTERNS.
BERLIN WOOL INSTRUCTIONS.
EMBROIDERY INSTRUCTIONS.
CROCHET INSTRUCTIONS.
KNITTING & NETTING INSTRUCTIONS.
LACE STITCHES.
POINT LACE PATTERNS.
GUIPURE PATTERNS.

In all, upwards of Five Hundred Accurate Patterns, and New and Old Stitches.

*** *Just as* THE BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT *takes due precedence of every other Cookery Book, so this extraordinary collection of Needlework Designs will become the book,* par excellence, *for Ladies to consult, both for Instruction in Stitches and all kinds of Work, and Patterns of elegant style and irreproachable good taste.*

Published by Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

Demy 8vo, half-roan, price 15*s.* With Maps and Illustrations.

BEETON'S DICTIONARY of UNIVERSAL INFORMATION, A to Z, comprising Geography, Biography, History, Mythology, Biblical Knowledge, Chronology, with the Pronunciation of every Proper Name.

"The 'Dictionary of Universal Information,' just published by Mr. S. O. Beeton, supplies a desideratum much and widely felt—that of a comprehensive yet portable dictionary of proper names. The 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' the 'English Encyclopædia,' and the other great digests of human knowledge, in consequence of their high price, are accessible only to a few. In such works no special provision is made for supplying short and comprehensive information regarding individual words, arranged in their alphabetical order, of the kind most likely to be required by the great mass of general readers. Mr. Beeton, to some extent, enters a new field in devoting a Dictionary exclusively to proper names in Geography, History, Biography, Mythology, Bible Knowledge, and Chronology. In these pages condensation has been in every way sought after, and we know of no work which supplies more information at a smaller cost."—*The Times.*

In Two Vols., price 21*s.*, half-bound, the Revised and Enlarged Edition, newly Illustrated by 128 full-page and 1,500 smaller Engravings.

BEETON'S SCIENCE, ART, AND LITERATURE: A Dictionary of Universal Information; comprising a complete Summary of the Moral, Mathematical, Physical, and Natural Sciences; a plain Description of the Arts; an interesting Synopsis of Literary Knowledge, with the Pronunciation and Etymology of every leading term. The work has been with great care Revised, Enlarged, and newly Illustrated.

*** *There is no volume extant comparable to this for the amount of information compressed into a small space. Amongst works on Technical Science and Information, there is no volume that can be more safely recommended to teachers, students, or practical men, than Beeton's Scientific Dictionary.*

Half-bound, 7*s.* 6*d.*; half-calf, 10*s.* 6*d.*, copiously Illustrated.

BEETON'S DICTIONARY OF NATURAL HISTORY: A compendious Cyclopædia of the Animal Kingdom. Illustrated by upwards of 200 Engravings.

Plainly written and carefully illustrated information upon the Animal Kingdom is entitled to rank high amongst the aids to knowledge, and we believe that the present work will materially assist readers and students in following their examination of Comparative and Human Physiology, as well as give the answers to every-day questions in Natural History.

Half-bound, price 7*s.* 6*d.*; half-calf, 10*s.* 6*d.*

BEETON'S DICTIONARY OF BIOGRAPHY: Being the Lives of Eminent Persons of all Times. With the Pronunciation of every Name. Illustrated by Portraits. Engraved after Original and Authoritative Pictures, Prints, &c. Containing in all upwards of Ten Thousand Distinct and Complete Articles.

This BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY *contains, in the most compact form possible, and within a compass of some 700 or 800 pages, an account of the Lives of Notable and Eminent Men and Women in all epochs. The Portraits, printed on tinted paper, are faithfully reproduced from original or authoritative sources. These Engravings form a totally new feature in* BEETON'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY, *none having appeared in the First Edition.*

Published by Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

Half-bound, price *7s. 6d.* ; half-calf, *10s. 6d.*

BEETON'S DICTIONARY OF GEOGRAPHY: A Universal Gazetteer. Illustrated by Coloured Maps, Ancient, Modern, and Biblical. With Several Hundred Engravings of the Capital Cities of the World, English County Towns, the Strong Places of the Earth, and Localities of General Interest, in separate Plates, on Tinted Paper. Containing in all upwards of Twelve Thousand Distinct and Complete Articles. Edited by S. O. BEETON, F.R.G.S.

Now Ready, cloth gilt, 1,536 pages, price *7s. 6d.*

BEETON'S LAW BOOK. A Compendium of the Law of England in reference to Property, Family and Commercial Affairs, including References to about Ten Thousand Points of Law, Forms for Legal Documents, with numerous Cases, and valuable ample Explanations. With a full Index—25,000 references, every numbered paragraph in its particular place and under its general head.

How frequently a want is felt of better legal knowledge upon points which continually arise in the practical experience of most persons. To supply this want is the aim of BEETON'S LAW BOOK. *It will be found a most valuable and reliable work for consultation on all ordinary legal questions.*

TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINTH THOUSAND.

New Edition, post 8vo, half-bound, price *7s. 6d.*; half-calf, *10s. 6d.*

BEETON'S (Mrs.) BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT. Comprising every kind of Practical Information on Domestic Economy and Modern Cookery, with numerous Woodcuts and Coloured Illustrations.

"Mrs. Isabella Beeton's 'Book of Household Management' aims at being a compendium of household duties in every grade of household life, from the mistress to the maid-of-all-work. It is illustrated by numerous diagrams, exhibiting the various articles of food in their original state, and there are also coloured plates to show how they ought to look when dished and ready for the table. The verdict of a practical cook of great experience, on returning the book to her mistress was, 'Ma'am, I consider it an excellent work; it is full of useful information about everything, which is quite delightful; and I should say anyone might learn to cook from it who never tried before."—*The Athenæum.*

Price *7s. 6d.*, Coloured Plates; half-calf, *10s. 6d.*

BEETON'S BOOK OF GARDEN MANAGEMENT. Embracing all kinds of Information connected with Fruit, Flower, and Kitchen Garden Cultivation, Orchid Houses, Bees, &c. &c. Illustrated with Coloured Plates of surpassing beauty, drawn from nature, and numerous Cuts.

Half-bound, price *7s. 6d.*; half-calf, *10s. 6d.*

BEETON'S BOOK OF HOME PETS: Showing How to Rear and Manage in Sickness and in Health—Birds, Poultry, Pigeons, Rabbits, Guinea Pigs, Dogs, Cats, Squirrels, Tortoises, Fancy Mice, Bees, Silkworms, Ponies, Donkeys, Goats, Inhabitants of the Aquarium, &c. &c. Illustrated by upwards of 200 Engravings and 11 beautifully Coloured Plates by HARRISON WEIR and F. KEYL.

One Thousand Illustrations, price 10*s.* 6*d.*, half-bound

The Self-Aid Cyclopædia for Self-Taught Students. Comprising General Drawing; Architectural, Mechanical, and Engineering Drawing; Ornamental Drawing and Design; Mechanics and Mechanism; the Steam Engine. By ROBERT SCOTT BURN, F.S.A.E., &c., Author of "Lessons of My Farm," &c. 690 pp., demy 8vo.

Just Published, crown 8vo, cloth, price 7*s.* 6*d.*, New and Revised Edition.

A Million of Facts of Correct Data and Elementary Information in the Entire Circle of the Sciences, and on all Subjects of Speculation and Practice. Much Enlarged and carefully Revised and improved, and brought down to the Present Year. A large amount of New Matter added.

Handsomely bound, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Treasury of Natural Science. From the German of Professor SCHOEDLER, with numerous Additions by HENRY MEDLOCK, F.C.S. Fourth Edition. With copious Index, and upwards of 500 Engravings.

Drawing Books.

Now Ready. New and Revised Edition, demy 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*

Drawing Book (The Illustrated). Comprising a Complete Introduction to Drawing and Perspective; with Instructions for Etching on Copper or Steel, &c. &c. By ROBERT SCOTT BURN. Illustrated with above 300 Subjects for Study in every branch of Art.

Demy 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*

Architectural, Engineering, and Mechanical Drawing Book (The Illustrated). By ROBERT SCOTT BURN. With 300 Engravings.

New Edition, Just Ready, demy 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*, 144 pp.

Steam Engine (The): Its History and Mechanism. Being Descriptions and Illustrations of the Stationary, Locomotive, and Marine Engine. By ROBERT SCOTT BURN.

Demy 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*

Mechanics and Mechanism. By ROBERT SCOTT BURN. With 250 Illustrations.

NEW WORK ON ORNAMENT AND DESIGN. Demy 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*

Ornamental Drawing and Architectural Design. With Notes, Historical and Practical. By ROBERT SCOTT BURN, Author of "The Illustrated Drawing Book," &c. &c. With nearly 300 Engravings of Interior and Exterior Decorations for Churches, Houses, &c. &c.

Published by Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

Beeton's "All About It" Books.

Now Ready, handsomely bound, price *2s. 6d.* each.

1. **ALL ABOUT COOKERY:** Being a Dictionary of Every-day Cookery. By Mrs. ISABELLA BEETON.
2. **ALL ABOUT EVERYTHING:** Being a Dictionary of Practical Recipes and Every-day Information. An entirely New Domestic Cyclopædia, arranged in Alphabetical Order, and usefully Illustrated.
3. **ALL ABOUT GARDENING:** Being a Dictionary of Practical Gardening.
4. **ALL ABOUT COUNTRY LIFE:** A Dictionary of Rural Avocations, and of Knowledge necessary to the Management of the Farm, &c.
5. **ALL ABOUT HARD WORDS:** Being a Dictionary of Every-day Difficulties in Reading, Writing, &c. &c.

Price *1s.*, cloth, containing 208 pages, 477 Recipes, and Formulæ for Mistresses and Servants. Also, with Coloured Plates, price *1s. 6d.*

MRS. BEETON'S ENGLISHWOMAN'S COOKERY BOOK. Comprising Recipes in all branches of Cookery, and accurate Descriptions of Quantities, Times, Costs, Seasons, for the various Dishes.

*** *The capital Coloured Plates render the Eighteenpenny Edition of* THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S COOKERY BOOK *absolutely unapproachable in point of excellence and cheapness. There are infinitely more Recipes in this volume than in any other Cheap Cookery Book, their accuracy is beyond question, and the addition of these Coloured Plates removes all possibility of successful rivalry which may be attempted by imitative and meretricious displays.*

Price *3s. 6d.*, 476 pages, with many Engravings in the Text, and Coloured Plates, exquisitely produced by the best Artists.

BEETON'S EVERY-DAY COOKERY & HOUSEKEEPING BOOK. Comprising Instructions for Mistress and Servants, and a Collection of Practical Recipes. With 104 Coloured Plates, showing the Modern Mode of sending Dishes to Table.

Price *1s.*, cloth, containing 252 pages; also with Coloured Plates, price *1s. 6d.*

BEETON'S GARDENING BOOK: Containing such full and Practical Information as will enable the Amateur to manage his own Garden. Amply Illustrated.

NEW AND IMPORTANT BOOK OF REFERENCE ON GARDENING.

460 pages, with Coloured Plates and Engravings in the Text, price *3s. 6d.*

BEETON'S DICTIONARY OF EVERY-DAY GARDENING: Constituting a Popular Cyclopædia of the Theory and Practice of Horticulture. Embellished with Coloured Plates, made after original Water-colour Drawings, copied from Nature.

Beeton's Legal Handbooks.

Now Ready, in strong Linen Covers, price 1*s.* each.

1. **Property.**
2. **Women, Children, and Registration.**
3. **Divorce and Matrimonial Causes.**
4. **Wills, Executors, and Trustees.**
5. **Transactions in Trade, Securities,** and Sureties.
6. **Partnership and Joint-Stock Companies.**
7. **Landlord and Tenant, Lodgers, Rates** and Taxes.
8. **Masters, Apprentices, Servants, and** Working Contracts.
9. **Auctions, Valuations, Agency,** Games, and Wagers.
10. **Compositions, Liquidations, and** Bankruptcy.
11. **Conveyance, Travellers, and Innkeepers.**
12. **Powers, Agreements, Deeds, and** Arbitrations.

*** *These Books are as excellent as they are cheap. The persevering labour devoted to their production has resulted in the classification and completeness which distinguishes them among similar attempts. Each one of the series has its own separate Index, and the amount of information is much greater and more varied than the necessary brevity of the title suggests.*

Cloth elegant, gilt edges, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

BEETON'S BOOK OF BIRDS; showing How to Rear and Manage them in Sickness and in Health.

*** *This volume contains upwards of One Hundred Engravings and Six exquisitely Coloured Plates, printed Facsimile from Coloured Sketches by* HARRISON WEIR.

Cloth elegant, gilt edges, price 3*s.* 6*d.*, uniform with the "Book of Birds."

BEETON'S BOOK of POULTRY & DOMESTIC ANIMALS; showing How to Rear and Manage in Sickness and in Health—Pigeons, Poultry, Ducks, Turkeys, Geese, Rabbits, Dogs, Cats, Squirrels, Fancy Mice, Tortoises, Bees, Silkworms, Ponies, Donkeys, Inhabitants of the Aquarium, &c.

*** *This Volume contains upwards of One Hundred Engravings and Five Coloured Plates from Water-Colour Drawings by* HARRISON WEIR.

Price 5*s.*, numerous Illustrations, cloth, gilt edges.

BEETON'S HOUSEHOLD AMUSEMENTS AND ENJOYMENTS. Comprising Acting Charades, Burlesques, Conundrums, Enigmas, Rebuses, and a number of new Puzzles in endless variety. With folding Frontispiece.

In coloured boards, price 6*d.* (A wonderful Collection of Information.)

BEETON'S COTTAGE MANAGEMENT. Comprising Cookery, Gardening, Cleaning, and Care of Poultry, &c.

Published by Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

BEETON'S
YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN

A Family and Household Journal for Ladies.

1876.

BEETON'S YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, Ninepence Monthly,

Contains an Irish Story of great interest, entitled **The Flynns of Flynnville,** by the Author of "Hedged with Thorns," &c.

BEETON'S YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, Ninepence Monthly,

Contains an interesting Series of Articles by the Author of "Notable Living Women."

BEETON'S YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, Ninepence onthly.

"**Sylvia**" continues her valuable Letters on **Dress and Household Economy.**

BEETON'S YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN. Ninepence Monthly.

A Series of **Articles on Practical Dressmaking** is now appearing, which will be found of especial value to Ladies.

BEETON'S YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, Ninepence Monthly,

CONTAINS EACH MONTH:

Lessons in Home Millinery.
Hints to Young Housekeepers.
Essays by the Editor: Literary and Historical.
Valuable Musical Supplements.
Cut-out Paper Patterns.
A Handsome Coloured Plate of Paris Fashions.
Monster Pattern Sheets.
Fancy Needlework Engrav ngs, with Complete Instructions for Working.
Short and Complete Stories in each Number.
Acrostics and Puzzles.

Subscriptions for the Year 1876 should be sent at once for

BEETON'S YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.

The Cheapest and most Suitable Magazine for Young Ladies.

SUBSCRIPTION:—Yearly, 11s.; Half-Yearly, 5s. 6d.; Quarterly, 2s. 9d.

London: WARD, LOCK, & TYLER, Warwick House, Paternoster Row

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S
DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING MONTHLY.

1876.

A charming Story by the Author of "Olive Varcoe," "Forgotten Lives," &c., entitled

IN THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND,

IS NOW APPEARING.

The Editor continues his Essays for Englishwomen.

"Humming Bird" and other experienced writers contribute articles on **Household and Domestic Matters**, written in a thoroughly practical manner. **The Conversazione** is open to all for Letters on Housekeeping and original Recipes.

The articles on **The Art of Entertaining** having been so highly appreciated will be continued; also **Instructions in Furnishing a House**, at once tastefully and economically.

Every Number contains

A VALUABLE SUPPLEMENT

IN THE FORM OF A

Superb Berlin Pattern, or Music.

These Supplements alone worth the price of the Magazine.

There will also be in every Number—**A beautifully Coloured Plate of Paris Fashions—A Cut-out Paper Pattern, or Tracing Design—Correspondence from Paris—A large Diagram Sheet for Cutting-out—Fashion Engravings of Fashionable Garments—Needlework Patterns of every Description—Short Stories—Literary, Musical, and Dramatic Notices.**

It will thus be seen that no labour or expense is spared to make this

THE FIRST AND LEADING LADIES' MAGAZINE OF THE DAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Yearly (post free), 14s.; Half-Yearly, 7s.; Quarterly, 3s. 6d.; or Specimen Copy, 1s. 2d.

Post Office Orders to be made payable to

WARD, LOCK, & TYLER, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, London.

IMPORTANT SERIES OF NEW AND POPULAR BOOKS.
Price One Shilling per Volume.

THE

COUNTRY HOUSE LIBRARY

OF

Fiction, Travel, Essay, Biography, &c.

BY THE FIRST AUTHORS OF THE DAY.

COPYRIGHT EDITIONS.

No. 1.—One vol. 8vo, price 1s.

THE MAD WILLOUGHBYS, AND OTHER TALES.

By Mrs. LYNN LINTON,

Author of "Joshua Davidson," "Patricia Kemball," &c.

No. 2.—One vol. crown 8vo, price 1s.,

FALSE AND TRUE BEASTS.

By FRANCES POWER COBBE.

1. Animals in Fable and Art.
2. The Fauna of Fancy.
3. The Consciousness of Dogs.
4. Dogs whom I have Met.

No. 3.—One vol. crown 8vo, price 1s.,

THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE.

(Second and Popular Edition.) A Novel.

By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY,

Author of "Out of Court," &c.

No. 4.—One vol. crown 8vo, price 1s.

COUNTRY HOUSE ESSAYS.

By JOHN LATOUCHE,

Author of "Travels in Portugal," &c.

1. Horses and Riders.
2. Birds and Beasts in Captivity.
3. English Flower Gardens.
4. Trout Fishing.
5. Lawn Tennis.

Other New and Popular Works, Novels, Travels, &c., will follow the above Volumes in rapid succession.

THE time has, it is believed, now arrived when the rapid growth in intellectual culture of the reading public and its persistent demand for a class of literature which has not hitherto been obtainable except at a quite extravagant price, justify the Proprietors and Publishers of the Country House Library in carrying out, on a large scale, an undertaking which has long occupied their attention.

Each Volume in the Country House Library will be printed on paper of the first quality, in a large and beautifully clear type, while the greatest care will necessarily be bestowed upon the task of editing, seeing that the admission into the Series of a single second-rate or unpopular work would involve a very serious loss, and this fact of itself will serve as a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the work to be issued. Great caution has been and will continue to be bestowed upon the due selection of works and authors, and, apart from the high literary standard which will be maintained, upon their fitness in other respects to take their place in a Series which has been not without full consideration entitled the Country House Library.

LONDON: WARD, LOCK, & TYLER, WARWICK HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

NOW READY.

SECOND EDITION.

TRAVELS IN PORTUGAL.

BY

JOHN LATOUCHE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY THE RIGHT HON. T. SOTHERON ESTCOURT.

One vol. demy 8vo, price 10s. 6d.

From the ATHENÆUM.—"We advise readers to take to this book, with the assurance that they will find a great deal of good material in it, a sound, healthy way of thinking, and absolutely no 'goody' cant, that pest of current books of Travel."

From the TIMES.—"An enterprising tourist desirous to venture upon comparatively untrodden ground for a late autumn or an early spring trip, may go further than Portugal and fare worse; and, if he directs his steps to that country, he can hardly hope for a more genial and entertaining fellow-traveller than Mr. John Latouche . . . Mr. Latouche was enabled to see much and to judge correctly; and as a description of the people, their manners and habits, his book cannot fail to be read with lively interest throughout."

From the SPECTATOR.—Mr. Latouche's Travels are delightfully written. . . . An unusually observant and kindly traveller, he picks up odds and ends of character, and an ample repertoire of good stories, which he mixes judiciously with the serious and extensive information his work conveys respecting Portugal past and present, its government, politics, natural features, commerce, and national characteristics. . . . His book is as fair as it is pleasant, as full of information as it is sparkling with humour, and we think that the majority of his readers will acknowledge that its perusal has taught them not only a great deal that they had not hitherto known about Portugal, but much more than they would have been induced to learn through any less entertaining medium."

From the PALL MALL GAZETTE.—"Mr. Latouche has produced a singularly interesting and readable book. . . . It is obviously the work not only of a scholar and historian, but of a very acute observer of men and manners, who, having seen the cities, and come to know the mind of many people, has acquired that width and justness of view, that definiteness of conception of a race and its tendencies which is the last accomplishment of the philosophical traveller. . . . Without far longer extracts than our space permits, justice could not be done to the easy grace of Mr. Latouche's discussions of things in Portugal, nor an idea given of their range. . . . A pleasanter book we have rarely met with, nor one which is more conspicuously the outcome of an acute and highly cultivated mind."

LONDON: WARD, LOCK, & TYLER, WARWICK HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE LILY SERIES.

1s. each; nicely bound for Presents, 1s. 6d. and 2s.

1. **A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life.** By Mrs. WHITNEY.
2. **The Gayworthys.** By Mrs. WHITNEY.
3. **Faith Gartney's Girlhood.** By the Author of "The Gayworthys."
4. **The Gates Ajar.** By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.
5. **Little Women.** By the Author of "Good Wives," &c.
6. **Good Wives.** By the Author of "Little Women," &c.
7. **Alone.** By MARION HARLAND, Author of "The Hidden Path," &c.
8. **I've Been Thinking.** By the Author of "Looking Round," &c.
9. **Ida May.** By MARY LANGDON.
10. **The Lamplighter.** By MISS CUMMING.
11. **Stepping Heavenward.** By the Author of "Aunt Jane's Hero."
12. **Gypsy Breynton.** By the Author of "The Gates Ajar."
13. **Aunt Jane's Hero.** By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward."
14. **The Wide, Wide World.** By MISS WETHERELL.
15. **Queechy.** By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World."
16. **Looking Round.** By the Author of "I've Been Thinking."
17. **Fabrics. A Story of To-Day.**
18. **Our Village: Tales.** By MISS MITFORD.
19. **The Winter Fire.** By ROSE PORTER.
20. **The Flower of the Family.** By Mrs. E. PRENTISS.
21. **Mercy Gliddon's Work.** By the Author of "The Gates Ajar."
22. **Patience Strong's Outings.** By Mrs. WHITNEY.
23. **Something to Do.** By the Author of "Little Women," &c.
24. **Gertrude's Trial.** By MARY JEFFERIS.
25. **The Hidden Path.** By the Author of "Alone."
26. **Uncle Tom's Cabin.** By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
27. **Fireside and Camp Stories.** By Miss ALCOTT.
28. **The Shady Side.** By a Pastor's Wife.
29. **The Sunny Side.** By H. TRUSTA.
30. **What Katy Did.** By SUSAN COOLIDGE.
31. **Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio.** By FANNY FERN.
32. **Shadows and Sunbeams.** By FANNY FERN.
33. **What Katy Did at School.** By SUSAN COOLIDGE.
34. **Shiloh; or, Without and Within.** By W. L. M. JAY.
35. **The Percys.** By E. PRENTISS, Author of "Stepping Heavenward."
36. **Gypsy's Sowing and Reaping.** By E. STUART PHELPS.
37. **Gypsy's Cousin Joy.** By E. STUART PHELPS.
38. **Gypsy's Year at the Golden Crescent.** By E. S. PHELPS.
39. **Moral Tales.** By MARIA EDGEWORTH.
40. **Popular Tales.** By MARIA EDGEWORTH.
41. **The Prince of the House of David.** By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM.
42. **Anna Lee.** By T. S. ARTHUR.
43. **The Throne of David.** By the Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM.
44. **The Pillar of Fire.** By the Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM.
45. **Prudence Palfrey.** By T. B. ALDRICH.
46. **A Peep at Number Five.** By H. TRUSTA.
47. **Marjorie's Quest.** By JEANNIE T. GOULD.
48. **Our Village: Country Pictures.** By Miss MITFORD.
49. **Woman our Angel.** By A. S. ROE (Sequel to "Looking Round").
50. **How Marjory Helped.** By M. CARROLL.

LONDON: WARD, LOCK, & TYLER, Warwick House, Paternoster Row. E.C.

NINE EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDALS.

FRY'S COCOA,

In half-pound and quarter-pound packets.

The CARACAS COCOA, specially recommended by the manufacturers, is prepared from the celebrated Cocoa of Caracas, combined with other choice descriptions. Purchasers should ask specially for "FRY'S CARACAS COCOA," to distinguish it from other varieties.

"A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard.*

FRY'S CARACAS CHOCOLATE,

In half-pound and quarter-pound Cakes, yellow wrapper.

A delicious Chocolate, prepared with Caracas and other choice Cocoas, and flavoured with Vanilla.

FRY'S EXTRACT OF COCOA.

In 6d. packets and 1s. tins.

A perfectly pure and delicious beverage, prepared exclusively from choice Cocoa Nibs, deprived of the superfluous oil. Purchasers of this class of Cocoa should ask for "Fry's Extract of Cocoa."

"Than which, if properly prepared, there is no nicer or more wholesome preparation of Cocoa."—*Food, Water, and Air. Dr. Hassall.*

J. S. FRY & SONS,

BRISTOL & LONDON.

LEIGHTON, BROS.